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Memoirs

of

The Hon. A. E. Arsenault

Former Premier and Retired Justice
Supreme Court of Prince Edward Island

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Foreword

When I started to write these Memoirs they were written more for my own amusement and nostalgic enjoyment than with the idea of their publication.

I, however showed them to several friends and lastly to the Editor of The Guardian. All of these urged me to publish them and for this reason they appeared daily in The Guardian.

Their enthusiastic reception is evidenced by the many letter, telephone and personal messages I have received.

For whatever enjoyment they have afforded to my readers I am grateful.

If I dedicate this small volume to my wife, it is that through our married years she has been most patient, a devoted mother to her large family and a most agreeable helpmate.

Publisher's Foreword

From his earliest years Mr. Justice Arsenault has been intimately associated with the history of his native Province; and while he made no attempt to keep a regular diary, his lifelong habits of study, note-taking and reflection have enabled him to retrace, in a most interesting manner, the highlights of a career which brought him into contact with many of the leading figures of his day and generation.

As a law student in England and practising barrister in the early days of the century, as a leading member of the Mathieson Government during the First World War, as Attorney General and Premier of the Province, as Leader of the Opposition and subsequently as a presiding jurist of the Supreme Court for more than twenty-five years, his career has indeed been noteworthy.

But he found time for many other activities as well; becoming the first president of the Prince Edward Island Travel Bureau, a director of the Good Roads Association, a life member of the Canadian Association of Tourist and Publicity Bureaux, a director and executive member of the Canadian Geographical Society, a Fellow of the Royal Society for the Encouragement of Arts in England, a director for many years of the Canadian Bar Association,

first president of the Acadian National Society of the Maritime Provinces and New England, and one of the founders of the St. Thomas Aquinas Society. He holds the degrees of Doctor of Laws from Laval University and of Master of Arts and Doctor of Laws from St. Joseph's.

Judge Arsenault's Memoirs have been read with much interest and appreciation in the daily instalments in which they appeared recently in The Guardian. They are here reprinted in more permanent form, and with numerous additions, which we have no doubt will meet with the same enthusiastic appreciation from his many friends, and from the public generally.

Memoirs of
The Hon. A. E. Arsenault

Former Premier and Retired Justice Supreme Court of Prince Edward Island

Early Years

My paternal ancestor, Pierre Arsenault, was a native of Normandy in France, and at the age of twenty-one migrated to Port Royal in Acadia in the year 1671. One of my maternal ancestors was a Poutrincourt who accompanied Du Mont to Port Royal in 1604. Pierre Arsenault married in Port Royal and afterwards moved to Beaubassin, now the Town of Amherst in Nova Scotia. Two of his sons, Pierre and Cyprien, crossed over to Ile St. Jean, now Prince Edward Island, and founded the village of Malpeque — a name which the little community still holds.

After the fall of Louisburg in 1758, Lord Boscawen sailed with a fleet to Port la Joie (now Charlottetown) to deport the inhabitants of Ile St. Jean. Those in Port la Joie and most of the villages were rounded up and placed on board the ships and deported, but as it was getting late in the fall and as the village of Malpeque was some forty miles away, its inhabitants were not molested. They, however, had heard of the fleet's arrival in Port la Joie, and fled to the woods where they remained for days. Some of them, including one of my ancestors, embarked on a schooner and crossed to Miramichi in New Brunswick where they remained until, a month later, they learned of the departure from Port la Joie of Boscawen's fleet.

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It is evident that, apart from the few families in Malpeque, not

many of the Acadians had escaped from Boscawen for when Captain Holland surveyed the Island of St. John in 1765 (it had become an English possession by the Treaty of Paris in 1763), he found only thirty-five Acadian families on the Island.

The inhabitants of Malpeque were settled on both sides of Malpeque — often called Richmond— Bay. Their church was at the place now called Low Point which is situated on the Lot 14 side of the Bay, and on Sundays those on the Malpeque side crossed to attend service. The church bell which called the people to worship was one of three which had been presented to the Acadians of Ile St. Jean by the then King of France; it is still in existence and is now in possession of the United Church at Malpeque.

How long it was after the Acadian Dispersion of 1758 before the bell was taken from the French Church at Low Point, I do not know, but the Reverend Dr. E. H. Ramsay, retired minister now residing in Saint John, N.B., and at one time pastor of the United Church at Malpeque, informed me that it was hung up in the Presbyterian Church at Malpeque, that it had become cracked, and that it had then been stored in a cupboard under the church stairs where it had remained for several years. Later, he said, the bell had been repaired, but had not been used since the Presbyterian Church in Malpeque had become the United Church.

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Another of the three bells was hung in the French church at St. Peter's. Shortly after the inhabitants of that settlement had been deported in 1758, the bell was found to be missing. It had been buried by some of the Acadians be-

fore they had been rounded up by Boscawen's men. When it was discovered many years later, it, too, was found to be cracked. However, it was re-cast and hangs today in the tower of the church at Rollo Bay. The whereabouts of the third bell continues to remain a mystery.

The bell now in the United Church at Malpeque is the only genuine relic existing in the Province, so far as anyone knows, of the French occupation of Prince Edward Island. On the bell is inscribed in latin "Amongst those born of woman there is not a greater prophet than John The Baptist" (Luke 7:28).

I made application to the congregation of the United Church at Malpeque for the return of the bell to the Acadians of the Province and made an offer of payment for it. My request was supported by the Rev. Dr. Ramsay and the Rev. Mr. Murchison, both former pastors of the United Church in Malpeque, but so far no action has been taken respecting my request.

* * *

Some years ago, quite by accident, I came upon what may be another relic of the Acadian occupation. While visiting a friend in Malpeque one day, I was shown a pair of wooden shoes (sabots) by my good friend Miss Anna Kier. It was her intention, she said, to offer them for sale at a rummage sale to be held in aid of the Malpeque Church. The shoes had been found about the year 1820 in an out-building owned by the last French resident to leave Malpeque. When I told her that the last Frenchman to leave Malpeque had been one of my ancestors and that I should be pleased to contribute toward the rummage sale

if she would give me the sabots, she kindly agreed.

* * *

The Acadians who remained on the Island after the deportation of 1758 were left in a sad state. Those at Malpeque had to leave their lands and settle wherever they could. Many leased lands from a Colonel Compton at a place then called Riviere Platte but now known as North St. Eleanors. However, he made so many difficulties for them that they were constrained to leave. Some purchased a tract of land at a place called La Belle Alliance (Miscouche); some went to the western part of the Province and settled at a place called Cascumpec; and later some began life all over again at Le Grand Ruisseau (Mont Carmel). Other settlements were established at Racicot (Rustico) and Taguanish, Indian name for Tignish.

Those early Acadians had little opportunity for education so that very few of them could read or write. There were exceptions, of course. I have been told of one man, a brother of my maternal grandfather, who obtained sufficient education through his own efforts to become a land surveyor. It is recorded of him that he measured the tail of a comet with no other equipment than a sextant and a knotted cord. My own father was so eager to obtain an education that he used to walk sixteen miles a day to and from school.

* * *

The original Acadians had brought from France the habits and customs of their native Normandy. They made their own linen from flax which they grew themselves, and they carded, spun, and wove their own wool into blankets and wearing apparel. They were

frugal and wasted nothing. If a cow or a pig was slaughtered, every part of the animal was put to use and what could not be eaten in its fresh state was salted away for future need. They made sausages from the blood of the pig and their potted meat was much superior to most of what is sold under that name today. From the hide of the cow or steer they made their moccasins. They ate the liver, the heart, and the stomach of the animals they slaughtered. From the horns of their animals they made powder horns, spoons, and knife handles.

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A substantial meal was made by boiling meat with barley which had first been pounded and shelled in wooden pestles. They picked the spruce gum which they chewed and so kept their teeth clean and well preserved. Dentists were unknown.

The fricot, a favorite dish, was made by frying chicken with pork To this was added shallots, diced potatoes, and a thickened batter. The pate was made with a pie crust which was filled with chicken, diced lean and fat pork, cubed apples, wild raisins, and a little maple sugar to sweeten the mixture. Their flour mills were primitive so that their flour was the whole wheat flour which is more nourishing and more tasteful than the white.

Those early Acadians helped one another. If a house or barn were to be built, the neighbors pitched in and within a day the frame was up and the house or barn partially rough-boarded before nightfall. In a similar spirit of co-operation, the women met to spin, to make cloth, to quilt, and to hook mats. Such gatherings served a double purpose. They were productive of useful work

and they promoted social entertainment. Then in the evenings the young people would gather to sing and dance. The Acadians had brought from France the folk songs of Normandy and Brittany and many of them are still sung in the homes of Acadian villages. I still remember many of those folk songs which I had heard my mother sing.

Fish were plentiful along the coast of Ile St. Jean. The herring, cod, and mackerel were salted down for winter food. Clams, quahaugs, and oysters were in abundance and smelts and eels were taken through the ice in winter. So plentiful were oysters in Malpeque Bay in those early days that they were spread on the land for fertilizer.

* * *

The Acadians were left without priests for many years after the Dispersion. By special dispensation, the Bishop of Quebec allowed the appointing of laymen for the performance of marriages. The people would gather in their church on Sunday, sing the Offices of the Mass, and recite the Rosary in common.

During the years that they were without a priest, many of them became superstitious. They believed in ghosts. As a child the maids at home used to tell us ghost stories and I became so nervous that I would not go into a vacant room at night, nor would I sleep alone.

This incident, however, was not superstition, for many men and women verified it and I still remember hearing people say that their fathers and mothers were witnesses of the fact.

In several of the early Acadian churches on Sunday, moans and lamentations were heard in the church. This continued until

Bishop Plessis of Quebec visited the Acadian settlement. A delegation waited on him and told him what they heard in the church. He asked them if they were harmed by what they heard, and they replied that they were not. "Well then," said the Bishop, "why pay any attention to them?" He however advised them to have prayers said. This they did and the lamentations ceased.

* * *

The early Acadians did not like trees around their home. In Acadia, from which they came, enemies lurked in the woods. They feared the English and they also feared the Indians, and so they cleared the woods around their dwellings in order that they might have a clear view of the surroundings.

For the same reason, when the man of th house went to visit a neighbour, the man walked ahead and his wife followed behind. This too was an ancient habit. The man awlked ahead with his gun to protect his wife against wild animals or the traditional Indian.

* * *

I have said that the Acadian was superstitious; he believed in ghosts and witches. If the women churned and the butter did not come, then the cream must be bewitched. The fireplace shovel was heated red hot and plunged into the cream with a hiss, and in a cloud of steam the witch took its departure! Of course what happened was that the butter did not come because the cream was too cold. The heated shovel brought the cream to the proper temperature for butter making.

In the swamps the rotting logs formed phosphorus, and with the

currents of air the flame ran up and down the logs at night. This the Acadians called "le feu follet," the Jack o' Lantern, a sort of devil fire. I remember as a child watching this fire with the family in the swamp below our house. It was indeed weird to see.

A horse at night would rub its mane against a fence. The tangled hair formed a sort of stirrup and the man of the farm would notice it in the morning and say that the Elfs had been visiting the horse. This horse happened to be the best in the stable, and of course it would be fat and slick because the Elfs fed it oats after their ride.

All the Acadians did not believe in these superstitions, but some did.

Father James MacDonald was the first priest to come to the Island after the Dispersion He accompanied the Scottish settlers when they came to Tracadie and Scotchfort (formerly St. Louis) in 1772 and was the first priest since the Dispersion to offer the Acadians spiritual consolation. Gradually, but not without hardship, their numbers increased and their material condition began to improve. Meanwhile, they clung to their religion, their language, and their customs.

* * *

Today, the descendants of those Acadians number about 16,000. In Prince County they can be found in large numbers in the villages of Tignish, St. Louis (Palmer Road), Bloomfield, Egmont Bay, Miscouche, and in the Town of Summerside. They comprise most of the population in the Queen's County communities of North and South Rustico and in Hope River. Many also live in Charlottetown. In King's County, the principal

Acadian centres are Souris, Rollo Bay, and New Acadia.

They have built churches in all those places which are a credit to them and their schools number over fifty with some of them having two, three and even four departments. It is, however, only in late years that many of the Acadian children have had the advantage of higher education. This advantage has been made available largely through the efforts of the St. Thomas Aquinas Society which has made it possible for sixty young Acadians, male and female, to study in Maritime colleges and in educational institutions in Quebec. With those opportunities there is no reason why those young Acadians cannot soon take their place in the front ranks of business and professional occupations.

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The first Acadian to be ordained to the priesthood in this Province was the Rev. Sylvain Perry (Poirier), a native of Tignish. He was ordained in 1828 and for some years his parish was the whole of Prince County. He laboured under great difficulties for the roads in those days were mere trails so that he had to travel on foot, on horseback, and by canoe. He served the Acadians and others of his faith in Prince County for more than thirty years until, in 1860, he was forced to retire because of failing eyesight.

The first Acadian representative in the Legislature was Stanislaus Perry, also a native of Tignish, who represented the First District of Prince County for many years. He was the last Speaker of the House before Confederation. Later, he was elected to the House of Commons and was the first and last Acadian to be so honoured. He was the grandfather of Angus

L. Macdonald, Premier of Nova Scotia, and of the Hon. J. A. Bernard, who was Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island from May 30, 1945, to Oct. 1, 1950.

* * *

My father taught school for several years but abandoned the teaching profession to open a small store at Abram's Village and to do a little farming as well. Later, he established a grocery and dry goods store in Wellington, Prince County, which continues to flourish under the name of Arsenault and Gaudet. Elected to the House of Assembly in 1867, my father sat continuously for twenty-eight years, during which time he successfully contested eleven elections. He was summoned to the Senate in 1895, but only sat there for three sessions and died in 1897. He was the only Island Acadian ever to be a member of the Canadian Senate.

The years previous to and immediately following Confederation were politically strenuous. The land question, the railway question, the school question — those were all of a decidedly controversial nature and were responsible for many upsets of Government. Some idea of the brief life enjoyed by several of those Governments of the past may be formed when I say that the majority of my father's eleven political contests were fought during his first ten years in the House. There was a great deal of lobbying between elections in those days and I can remember as a child my father being visited by such politicians as the Popes, Haviland, Brecken, and others who wished to sound him out on the questions of the day.

My father started out as a Liberal in politics, but his uncompromising views on the school

question drove him into the ranks of the Conservatives with whom he ever afterwards remained. On the accession of the Sullivan Government, he became a minister without portfolio and continued as such under the MacLeod Government.

* * *

During my years at St. Dunstan's College, I frequently attended the sessions of the House. At that time, the Government members sat on the right of the Speaker, as the right is the place of honour and the side on which all Government parties sit in all Legislatures under the British Flag. Today, however, the Government members in the Prince Edward Island Legislature sit to the left of the Speaker. Behind this unusual position there lies an interesting tale.

During the Premiership of the Hon. Fred Peters, there was an Opposition member named Cyrus Shaw. He was an able and fluent speaker capable at times of rising to heights of eloquence. But his voice, harsh, loud and strident, irritated Peters greatly. Moreover, Shaw was addicted to sarcasm especially when he was directing his remarks to the Premier. It soon became the custom of the Premier, when Shaw rose to speak, to leave his seat and take refuge in the room used by the Clerk of the House. To get to that room which was to the right and at the back of the Legislative Chamber, the Premier was obliged to cross the floor in front of the Speaker to whom, in conformity with Parliamentary procedure, he had to bow. To avoid this inconvenience and to more readily reach the Clerk's room, the Premier changed the seating arrangements of the House so that he and his followers sat to the left

of the Speaker. All Island Governments have followed the same practice since. It should, however, be discontinued and the former positions restored.

* * *

There is another practice which has no justification for its continuance: the re-reading by the Speaker of the Speech from the Throne. When we had an Upper House, known as the Legislative Council Chamber, it was the custom of the Lieutenant-Governor to open the Legislature in that room before the Legislative Councillors The members of the Legislative Assembly, known as the Lower House, had the privilege of attending by standing about the Chamber. When they returned to the House of Assembly, the Speaker would announce his intention of re-reading the Governor's speech because many of the Legislative Assemblymen might not have clearly heard His Honour's reading of the Speech in the Upper Chamber.

But now that there no longer is an Upper Chamber so that both Councillors and Assemblymen sit in the Legislative Assembly, all need for a second reading of the Speech from the Throne has become unnecessary and could be construed as a reflection on His Honour's ability to make his speech intelligible to the House.

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While on the subject of what should be changed or abandoned. it appears to me that a few remarks on our present Coat of Arms would be appropriate. Originally, Prince Edward Island's Coat of Arms depicted a large oak overshadowing with its protective branches a smaller oak. Below were the Latin words, "Parva sub Ingenti"—"The small under the great." Two vertical grooves were

shown in the small oak in the original Coat of Arms. Those grooves had been intentionally placed there for the purpose of showing that the Province was divided into three Counties — Prince, Queen's, and King's.

Some years ago, however, the College of Heralds in London prepared a new Coat of Arms for the Province. Those entrusted with the task apparently decided that the two vertical grooves in the small oak had been placed there for the purpose of showing that the small tree represented three and not one. The new Coat of Arms, therefore, depicts three small trees growing under the shadow of one large tree. This distortion of the Island's Coat of Arms has therefore made it a meaningless thing. The original Coat of Arms as represented by the small tree with the two vertical grooves or demarcating lines resting under the great tree meant that Prince Edward Island with its three Counties of Prince, Queen's, and King's, was under the protection of the Mother Country. Another interpretation—and a logical one—could be that the Coat of Arms represented a small island under the protection of a greater.

* * *

I remember discussing the new Coat of Arms with the late Arthur Newbury, then assistant Provincial Secretary-Treasurer. The late Mr. Newbury had occupied his position for many years and was well acquainted with all the details of his office. He agreed with me that the Seal was wrong and meaningless. He told me that it was the intention to have the matter brought to the attention of the College of Heralds. That was in 1913. But the months went by,

war broke out, and the matter of the Coat of Arms was forgotten.

College Days

Though as a small lad I had attended the village school at Abram's Village, my real education began when, at the age of fifteen, I entered St. Dunstan's College.

In 1885 St. Dunstan's was far from being what it is today. There was accommodation for about fifty or sixty students. The kitchen was manned by three women and Mary Lawlor had charge of the dormitory and made the beds. Mary found the work too strenuous and after a while moved across the road as housekeeper for Mr. Morris, who then operated a brewery. One of the professors and I used to pay Mary an occasional visit, and she invariably mulled as each a glass of beer.

After Christmas a new professor arrived who was a boyhood friend, William by name. We took him to call on Mary, and as usual the mulled beer appeared. We drank the beer and William called out, "Fill them up again Mary; it's my treat this time." We had not "wised" him, —and he thought that Mary sold the beer.

I lost sight of Mary Lawlor after I left College, but many years after I was told that she was in the Sacred Heart Home. I called to see her. She was a very old lady and in poor health. I had to make myself known to her, but she still recalled the incident of "William" telling her to "fill them up again."

* * *

The game of Lacrosse was introduced in the College by the Hackett boys, who had played it

in Ottawa whilst their father was a member of the House of Commons. As there were no other Lacross teams to compete with, the game did not last very long.

During my first year in College, St. Dunstan's first football team was organized. Mr. Alexander McAulay (now Father McAulay of St. Peters) who had played football at Ottawa University, undertook to coach the team. It was a rather heterogeneous gang that gathered to be initiated into the game's mysteries. We had several heavyweights and they were put in the forward line.

I especially remember that Pat Hogan (afterwards Father Hogan) was one of the halfbacks. Pat had at leas tone qualification for the position, for he was a fleet runner.

The boys were up for a half hour practice in the early morning, and as a special concession to the fact that they had to uphold the College's honour, they were fed beefsteak for breakfast. If we take into consideration the College's menu in those days, this was indeed a treat!

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The first game played was against the Prince of Wales College team, captained by the Robertson boys, George and Hooper, both of whom were experienced footballers. Our team was outclassed and badly defeated.

The Abegweits of Charlottetown were a well organized team. Some of the boys who played on the team besides the Robertsons were Sam MacLeod, Dan MacDonald, Lew Whear, Fitz Moore, Percy MacDonald, L. B. MacMillan, Dr. Harry Johnson and others whose names I do not remember. They played against

New Glasgow, Pictou, Dalhousie and the Halifax Wanderers.

Our football at St. Dunstan's continued to improve and in the autumn of 1889 we played against the Abegweits who had won the Maritime championship by defeating the Halifax Wanderers. We won the game. In that game I played quarter against Dr. Harry Johnson who had been a crack McGill quarter.

Father John A. MacDonald played in goal for St. Dunstan's He was a splendid athlete. At practice in College, he rolled his soutane around his waist, and in the game against the Abegweits, he wore a navy blue sweater and long pants. Father John established a world's record in this game by drop kicking a goal from the seventy-five yard line.

St. Dunstan's has gone far since those early days in football as in hockey.

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In my first year in College we were badly gassed. Through the night the coal stoves in the dormitory emitted gas in such quantity that we were poisoned. Fortunately one of the boys woke up about five o'clock and smelled the gas. He raised the alarm and with some trouble, because a number of the boys were pretty far gone, we were all herded down stairs. A call went out to Dr Conroy, the College physician, and he rushed to the College, bringing with him a case of whiskey with which we were liberally dosed. This is the only occasion to my knowledge that whiskey was served in the College.

This was the year that an epidemic of smallpox broke out in Charlottetown. Returning to the College a number of us boys

called at Pickard's grocery on Elm Avenue for a glass of milk and something to eat. Two days after, smallpox broke out in this very building.

We were all vaccinated, but notwithstanding this precaution a mild type of smallpox broke out in the College and those affected were quarantined in the upper East Corridor which we named Long Street, which was one of the places in Charlottetown where smallpox was prevalent.

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Closing Day, which is now called Commencement Day, was a dreaded ordeal. The closing consisted of an oral examination conducted by Father Angus MacDonald and Mr. Edward Roach. Father Angus was particularly feared, for he was a learned man and did not hesitate to use his knowledge by trying to stick the poor candidate under examination. Edward Roach was strong in Mathematics, especially in geometry, and woe to the unfortunate who could not solve the "Pons Asinorum."

Father Charles (afterwards Bishop MacDonald) was Rector. He kept the five o'clock study and on one occasion he was very much annoyed because some of the boys had criticised the menu. He gave us a lecture on the bill of fare. "What do you expect," he said, "turtle soup for dinner? What do you think this is, the Parker House, Boston?"

Father Charles had a quick temper which he frequently showed, but his anger could turn to smiles in the twinkling of an eye.

Nearing the end of the year we had had, for some reason, a number of holidays. The closing was scheduled for a Monday and

the students decided to ask that the closing be on Friday, so that we could go home on Saturday and not spend Sunday in College. We made up a delegation to see the Rector and several professors accompanied us. I headed the delegation which filed into the Rector's room. Without giving us time to explain, he came to the conclusion that we were there to ask for another holiday. "You have already had too many holidays and now you want another one!" he said. "I see the professors too; they ought to be ashamed of themselves. You can go, there will be no holiday!"

I let him go on till he was through. "We are not here for a holiday, Father Rector"; and then I explained what we were after. "Oh, oh!" he said, and a broad smile came over his face. "I thought that you were looking for another holiday. What you are asking for seems to be reasonable and no doubt we can arrange it."

Law Studies At Home and in London

At the age of eighteen, I secured a second class teacher's license, taught for two years in a country school, and one year in St. Joseph's College, New Brunswick, continuing my classical studies at the same time. The next year I went back to St. Dunstan's and the following autumn I became articled to W. A. O. Morson of the legal firm of MacLeod, Morson, and MacQuarrie. After the usual four years of legal study and law-office training I was admitted to the Bar as an attorney.

At that time, after having been admitted as an attorney, one had to spend an additional year in a law office in order to be admitted

as a barrister-at-law. A friend, whose advice I valued highly, suggested that instead of spending this year in Charlottetown, I should spend it in London articled to an English barrister so that I should get a much wider experience than I could hope to obtain at home.

I told my friend that I should like to go to England very much but that such a trip was out of the question for me. I explained to him that the death of my father had left me on my own and that my financial condition would not permit any such experience as my going to England. His reply was that he had some idea of my financial condition but that my lack of funds need not prevent me from going since he would be glad to lend me the money.

* * *

I had a desire to study in England and I discussed the matter with another young lawyer who had been admitted to the Bar as an attorney at the same time as myself. He heartily approved the idea and said if I would go he would come also. We threshed the matter out, decided to go, and made up our minds that it would be better for us to article with an English solicitor rather than with a barrister.

Friends of mine wrote to Sir Louis Davies, then in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Cabinet, and through his kind offices Hon. Charles Russell, son of Lord Russell of Killowen, was prevailed upon to accept me as a student.

Accordingly, we sailed on an old freight boat which made a call at Charlottetown to take on sheep and cattle. Shortly after we left port in the late evening, a storm came up and as a result of the tossing about of the vessel several of the cattle and sheep were kill-

ed and had to be thrown overboard. The others were drenched with water and the smell of steaming wool, together with the tossing of the ship, soon sent me to my cabin. The rough seas continued for several days so that I remained below in a most miserable state.

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The accommodations on board were not luxurious. We were only four passengers: the other two, besides my friend and myself, comprised a crippled gentlewoman and her five-year-old daughter. How that poor lady and child managed to withstand the rigours of that voyage has always remained a mystery to me. The only attendant was a Cockney who was steward and lady's maid combined.

When the storm lessened, I once more went on deck and, since it was dinner time, went to my table where the officers of the ship also dined. The meat course consisted of pigs' jowls which, for one just recovering from a siege of seasickness, was not the most satisfactory diet.

The Hotel Balmoral on Northumberland Avenue in London had been recommended to us as a nice place to stay by a gentleman who had once been sent from the Province to England on some sort of Government business. When we arrived in front of this palatial hotel and caught our first glimpse of the doorman arrayed in a gorgeous uniform more resplendent than that worn by Field Marshals or Admirals, we were greatly impressed. When his eye fell upon our shabby baggage and we noticed his contemptuous look, we became suddenly convinced that the Balmoral was no place for us. But we were strangers knowing no other place to go, so we walked past the doorman, reg-

istered, and asked for an inexpensive room. We could not muster up sufficient courage to enter the dining room and decided we would go out and have our dinner at some restaurant.

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We found one and after having eaten we strolled along the Strand by the Parliament Buildings and along the Thames Embankment. We passed a large building on which was displayed the sign, "Crosse and Blackwell." We were again hungry when we reached our hotel and decided to have lunch in our room. We had some biscuits and some canned goods that we had taken with us from Charlottetown. One can contained devilled ham. The label said it was made by Crosse and Blackwell. The ham had gone from London to Montreal, from Montreal to Charlottetown, and then back to London. It had cost us 25 cents in Charlottetown; it could be had in London for less than six pence. We had brought coals to Newcastle.

We did not tarry long at the Balmoral: $4.50 each for bed and breakfast was more than our limited resources could stand, and we lost no time in hunting up a boarding house where, for about the same amount, we secured room, breakfast, and dinner by the week, and three meals on Sunday. Our lunch was taken at an A. B. C. for ten cents.

The Hon Charles Russell's law offices were on Norfolk Street, a street off the Strand on the Thames side just a short distance from Temple Station of the underground system. The offices comprised nine rooms staffed by 25 persons including besides Russell, his secretary, a treasurer, an usher, a "petty cash", and six typists. The remaining fourteen were sol-

icitors and students. It was a busy place. However, I did not find my work exacting since I was more or less of a free lance and had much more freedom than the regularly articled students. I had, too, more privileges, such as attending the Courts, where I spent an hour or two almost every day.

Every morning after Mr. Russell had looked over the correspondence, a buzzer rang and the solicitors and students trooped into his office where the correspondence was distributed among those whose duty it was to look after the matters therein referred to. Friday mornings we were called in for a special session. Russell would have before him a file with all the cases on hand. They were carefully grouped according to the solicitor or student who was looking after them. Those handling the various cases would be questioned by Mr. Russell respecting the progress being made and woe betide the unfortunate solicitor or student who was unable to report satisfactory progress or had made some error no matter how slight. Russell would light upon the culprit and curse him in sulphurous language. It was painful to be obliged to listen to such abuse. He had a most violent temper and made no effort to restrain it on such occasions.

* * *

A few weeks after I had been with him, my turn came. I cannot recall in what respect I had fallen down, but Russell did not spare me and I received a thorough cursing. I made no reply, but after we were dismissed I asked to see him. Permission granted, I told him I was quite ready to take a reprimand when I deserved it, but that I would not submit to being sworn at and cursed. I expected him to break

out into more profanity but, to my surprise, he merely smiled and dismissed me without a word.

There was a remarkable change toward me on his part after this. He frequently had his lunch brought to him from the hotel next door, and occasionally would send for me. He invariably asked me if I had lunched and just as invariably, since I ate half an hour before him, I would tell him I had eaten. Then he would begin to talk to me on various subjects. When through with his lunch, he would ring for a clerk. His words to the clerk were always the same: "Please remove the banquet."

On several occasions he took me to lunch with him at one of his Clubs. He drank no wine but invariably would order half a bottle of claret for me. He was a director of several companies and sometimes would take me with him to attend a meeting. One day he sent me to a distant part of London to deliver some securities. They were enclosed in a leather case, and I was told to go by hansom cab. When I arrived at my destination, I was ushered into the manager's office. When he had opened the case, he asked me if I had come alone and I said I had. Whereupon the manager replied that Mr. Russell should not have sent me alone on such a mission, that it had been a dangerous thing to do since I had to travel through a bad part of London with a case that had contained an unusually large sum of money and other valuables.

On another occasion, Mr. Russell asked me to go to the Library and work up a certain case. I spent a whole day at the task and upon my return reported my

opinion. He then told me his brother, Frank, was retained on the case and for me to discuss the matter with him. Frank Russell was inclined to take a different view than mine but I valiantly argued the matter as I saw it until at last Frank Russell said: "Look here, young man, you seem to have looked up the law on the matter." I said I had. "Well," he replied, "that's where you have the advantage of me. I haven't."

Of course, I do not mean to imply that I was necessarily right and that Frank Russell was wrong. Such cases are not so simple as that. I simply relate the incident as one of my pleasant memories for several years later this same Frank Russell became a Lord in Appeal and took the same title that his distinguished father had borne, "Lord Russell of Killowen." He died a few years ago. I frequently had occasion to read his judgments.

* * *

I remember being sent on one occasion to the office of Sir Thomas Lipton at Miles End to discuss some question with Lipton's Scotch solicitor. While we were talking the matter over, a factotem came in bearing a tray on which were two cups of tea. "Ah", said the solicitor, "tea!" And so the discussion had to be adjourned until we had disposed of the tea.

Another pleasant recollection of my student days in England is my having been called into Russel's office one morning to witness the signature of the famous Irishman, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

Sir Charles was on a visit to England and Ireland at the time. In his younger days he was four times prosecuted for advocating elevutionary measures but never convicted. Whilst still a member for New Ross County, Wexford,

in the House of Commons, he resigned his seat and left for Melbourne, Australia. He afterwards entered the Victoria Parliament where he became a prominent figure. For his distinguished service he obtained the honour of Knighthood.

* * *

Russell had as one of his clients a Mr. St. Jean who had made considerable money and who had a socially ambitious wife. Mr. St. Jean asked Mr. Russell to sponsor a ball which St. Jean was giving at the Elysium Gardens. On the evening of the ball, I was invited to dinner at Mr. Russell's house. The guests were few in number but I have forgotten the names of all of them except one woman. She was Alice Meynell, the distinguished English poetess. After the dinner, we started off to the ball at the Gardens. I went in Mrs. Russell's brougham with her, Mrs. Meynell, and another young man. During the drive to the Gardens, Mrs. Russell passed the cigarettes around. She and Mrs. Meynell each took one. It was the first time I had ever seen a woman smoke a cigarette.

My dance program, which I have preserved, shows that I danced several times with Mrs. Russell and Mrs. Meynell. At 12:30, there was a respite from dancing during which an elaborate supper was served. There were three other young men present from Russell's office and the four of us sat at one table. Plenty of champagne was being served and, after we had eaten, the four of us suddenly decided that we had had enough dancing and that we would slip away unnoticed. Unobtrusively as possible we got our coats; the coast was apparently clear; and we started out. Just as we passed through the door leading out-

side, however, we met Russell. He must have taken the situation in quickly for before we had time to take a second breath, he exclaimed, "You young rascals! You ate the man's food, drank his wine, and now you are shaking the party." And as we went down the steps, he gave each of us a playful kick on the posterior.

* * *

After Christmas, my fellow student and I decided to look up another boarding house. We placed an advertisement in a London magazine and received several answers. But most of the places were either too expensive or too far from our work. There was one answer, however, which referred us to a pharmacy. We called upon the pharmacist who told us, after having asked us many questions, that he was but acting for a third party, that he would report, and that the probabilities were we would hear from the third party soon. A few days later we received an invitation to call at a certain house in Ainsley Gardens.

It was a large house. We were interviewed by two gentlewomen who informed us that they did not keep a regular boarding house, but only a few carefully selected "paying guests." We were shown a nice large double room with a fireplace and balcony. It was so attractive that we instantly agreed to take it at a guinea a week each, with sixpence extra for each time we made a fire in the grate. The only two other "guests" were two young ladies who were attending the Slade School of Music and Painting. During the winter, we had another guest for a month —the representative in London from Brazil.

The house was in a quarter of London formerly occupied by the

nobility who had all moved away after nearby King Cross Station had been built. The family with whom we were now living consisted of three sisters and an aunt. Two of them were married to Smiths (unrelated). The other was single—whether or not by choice I never succeeded in learning.

* * *

When the "guests" came down to breakfast, they found the bacon, toast, boiled egg, and coffee by the lighted fireplace, and each would help himself. Dinner was at seven in the evening. If, as sometimes happened, there should be thirteen at dinner, one of the Smiths would sit by himself at a small table so as not to make thirteen at the larger one. After dinner, the ladies would retire from the dining-room while the men drank their coffee by the lighted fire place and smoked. Afterwards, we would join the ladies in the drawing room.

On Sunday, there was breakfast, dinner in the middle of the day, tea at 4:30, and supper after church—about 8:30. The main course at supper was good English cold beef, with bread and butter and a relish of celery, cress, and horse radish. I enjoyed those late suppers as only a healthy young man can.

The conversation was always interesting and on a high plane. The family was well read and could converse with intelligence on the theatre, books, art, and other subjects about which a young man like myself could learn much.

* * *

My stay in London afforded me the opportunity of seeing many famous actors and opera stars. I saw Sir Henry Irving and his co-star, Ellen Terry, in Robespierre. Sir James Alexander was playing at His Majesty's. Dan Lino, the

great comedian, was in his prime when I saw him. Edna May was starring in the musical comedy, "The Belle of New York", which had a run of two years in London. This musical comedy was so popular that Edna May's picture was in nearly every shop window. Some years later, I saw Edna May on the screen but her great beauty had dimmed. She had put on flesh and had lost much of her attractiveness.

Through a friend, for I could not afford such a luxury, I was enabled to attend Grand Opera at Covent Garden where Caruso, then in his prime, was singing. I also heard "The Messiah" sung in Albert Hall before an audience of ten thousand. In those days, of course, there was no such thing as a loud speaker and in order to carry the sound in such a huge auditorium as Albert Hall wires were strung the length of the interior.

While attending Court I often had the privilege of listening to some of England's greatest lawyers and came to know some of her great Judges. I especially remember Lord Russell of Killowen, Chief Justice of England. He was a remarkable man and, when at the Bar, was considered England's ablest cross-examiner. I frequently attended his Court for one was always sure of seeing the leading council on one side or the other of the cases heard.

Marshall Hall was then at the height of his career, but as he was a criminal lawyer and I did not have occasion to attend the Criminal Courts, I saw but little of him. Other leading counsel whom I saw on occasion were Sir Edward Carson, Sir Edward Clark, Sir Edward Reid, Muir MacKenzie, the great Scotchman, and Rufus Isaac, later to become Lord

Reading and even then looked upon as a coming man.

Carson was a tall, lanky, bony man with a large, pasty face. Russell employed him several times as a leading counsel. I remember that on one occasion, a noted counsel had been retained by Russell. On the very eve of the trial the great advocate became ill and Russell, now really worried, sent for Carson. Carson came, took the voluminous files on the case to his office, studied them all night, and appeared next day in Court and won his case. Truly, there were giants in those days.

* * *

I was present in Court during the hearing of what was, to me at any rate, a most interesting case. A woman had sued one of the best known hotels in London for damage alleged to have been done to her baggage by the chamber maid who attended her room. The woman charged that the maid had taken a spite against her on account of a reprimand and had cut the seams of her alligator bag, had slit the silk in her pearl-handled parasol, and had done other damage as well. The woman was beautiful but without doubt an adventuress who lived by her wits. It was amazing to see her make eyes at the jury while giving her evidence.

Muir MacKenzie was her counsel, and when the defense opened, the maid went on the stand and swore that the woman's whole story was a fabrication, that she had not been reprimanded, that there had been no unpleasant relations between them, that she had never laid hands on any of the woman's belongings and had caused no injury to them.

MacKenzie then began his cross-examination. He handled the maid

most delicately and began to draw her out in a most friendly way.

"This woman was somewhat difficult, was she not?" MacKenzie asked.

"Oh, yes, sir, she was," the maid replied.

"She was very exacting, was she not?"

"Yes, sir, she was; she was very exacting and very high strung and difficult to please." He continued in this strain and soon had her abusing the plaintiff.

It was a great show, and MacKenzie with his Scotch burr and his masterpiece of cross-examination, coupled with the beauty and winning ways of his client, left but little hope for the defense. He secured a verdict of fifty guineas for his client.

I said it was likely that the woman was an adventuress. The damage done to her possessions could have been repaired at the cost of a few shillings. I believe that the woman herself had done the damage and had blamed it on the maid to the profit of the substantial sum which the jury gave her.

* * *

One day I learned that there was a case against Dr. Jamieson to be tried, so I made it a point to be present. I do not recall who was the presiding judge nor the names of the opposing counsel.

The case arose from the celebrated Jamieson Raid against the Boers of the Transvaal in South Africa. The plaintiff was a soldier who said he had been induced by Dr. Jamieson to take part in the raid, and who had been so badly wounded that he remained a cripple. The soldier appeared in Court on crutches to give his evidence. He related the whole circumstances of the raid, told of how the Boers had ambushed them, and how, aft-

er the raiders had been routed, he had been found wounded and nearly dead.

Dr. Jamieson denied that there had been any inducement offered on his part, said he had not even known the soldier, and that, in any event, those who had taken part in the raid had been volunteers who had been told that the object of the raid was to free the British settlers in the Transvaal from the oppression of the Boer Government. Sympathy in England was with Dr. Jamieson and it was no surprise to me when the jury brought in a verdict in his favour.

* * *

On another occasion I was in the Lord Chief Justice's Court when the case being heard was concerning an injunction to abate a nuisance. It was alleged by those seeking the injunction that the operations of a certain mill caused such vibrations in the vicinity of the mill that the dishes in nearby houses rattled and that many of them would fall from the shelves and break. The defense denied that there was any such vibration, and the evidence of the witnesses was so contradictory that when they had all been heard, the Lord Chief Justice said he did not know whom to believe. He suggested that he adjourn Court and that he and opposing counsel should go to the mill, have it put into operation and allow the facts to speak for themselves. His suggestion was accepted by both sides but I never learned what was the outcome of the case.

Lord Russell was a big man with a florid face, steel gray hair, and a piercing eye. As he sat on the Bench, he would pull out his silver snuff box, take a pinch of snuff, snap the box closed, inhale the snuff, then produce a large

silk bandana handkerchief from his pocket and flourish it in front of his nose. This very expressive gesture he would repeat from time to time.

* * *

Among other Courts I visited was that of Lord Darling. He was a great wit and one was always sure to find entertainment in his Court. I was present one day when he was trying a case relating to some fracas that had occurred in one of the bars. The bars in England are divided into sections; the middle one is the public bar, and the side sections are known as the saloon bar and the private bar.

One of the witnesses, a cabby, mentioned the public bar and the private bar. Lord Darling, pretending to be ignorant on the subject of bars, said to the witness. "My good man, will you please tell me what is the difference between the public bar and the private bar?" The cabby did not hesitate. "My Lord," he replied, "the only difference I knows of is that in the private bar you can't get a drink under tuppence." The cabby's reply caused quite a laugh in the Court and no one enjoyed the answer more than Lord Darling. The fact is that in the public bar you could get a drink of "all sorts" for a penny.

On another occasion the case related to some event which had occurred on a ship and the gob who was giving evidence said that at the time in question he had been standing "abaft the binnacle," Lord Darling enquired what he meant by that expression. In an aside which everyone heard, the sailor said, "A pretty judge to try a case who doesn't know what 'abaft the binnacle' is!" Lord Darling tried to act as if he had not heard the aside, but he could not pre-

vent the grin which stole over his face.

Lord Russell loved to gamble and would lay a bet on almost anything. It is related that he and his bosom friend, Sir Frank Lockwood, K.C., were lounging one hot summer day in their chairs at their club when, suddenly, Lord Russell straightened in his chair and pointed to the ceiling. "Frank!" he exclaimed. "I'll lay you a guinea that the fly on my side flies away before the one on your side." "Done!" said Lockwood. Lord Russell and Sir Frank Lockwood were inseparable friends.

Before Lord Russell went on the Bench, he, Sir Frank Lockwood, and two other K.C.'s went on a business trip together to Paris. On leaving Paris, they started to play poker, continued until they got to Cherbourg, resumed playing aboard the boat and continued until they reached Dover, resumed playing when they got aboard their train, and continued until they had to be told by the porter that they were in London.

* * *

Before I left for England, a lady in Charlottetown asked me if I would look up the inscription on her mother's tomb. Her mother, she said, was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery on the outskirts of London. I promised to copy the inscription for her, and after I had been in London for some weeks, I thought I should fulfill my promise. After some enquiries, I took the proper horse tram and, after travelling 14 or 15 miles, I reached the cemetery.

It was a huge place, and to locate a grave there was little less difficult than to find a needle in the proverbial haystack. However, I located the keeper and

told him what I was seeking for. He scratched his head a moment and then said, "In my mind's eye I can see that monument, and many times I have seen it, but I am afraid, young man, you will have to wait. But I'll find the inscription for you, and if you'll leave me your London address, I'll send it to you."

He was as good as his word, for in about a week's time he sent me the inscription.

* * *

In those days, the best way to see London was by travelling on the horse trams. As I was free on Saturdays, it was my custom on that day to take a bus, sit close to the driver, tip him a few pennies, and have him point out all the interesting places and answer my many questions. At the end of the run, I would take another tramway and return by another route. The drivers were expert in their work. So skillfully could they drive that in the most crowded sections of London they could almost shave each other's carriage. Such close shaves would bring a flood of abuse from one or both of the drivers, and they would continue to yell and abuse each other as far as their voices would carry, to the amusement of the passengers for whose enjoyment those performances were frequently carried out.

* * *

I was also intrigued by the fads of some of the residents of the world's largest city. In Hyde Park one may see men and women standing motionless for long periods waiting for small birds to come and take food from their hands and even from their lips. One day on my second trip to England, I followed an old lady up Fleet Street and Cheapside. She had a large bag in her arms and

when she came to a team of dray horses she would stop, give each horse a bun and an apple and a few pats on the neck, then move on to repeat the performance with the next team she met.

So long as the weather was not too cold, one could see many men and women selling pencils, bootlaces, and trinkets of various kinds on the street. In the winter, I did not see nearly so many of those people. I asked a clergyman who ministered to the poor in the Whitechapel district where those street vendors went in the winter time and how they lived. "Well," he answered, "they don't live; many of them just die off like flies."

There were also the flower girls who congregated in such places as Piccadilly Circus, around the figure of Eros (the God of Love), and at a place called the Seven Dials. Though they are called "flower girls", those vendors are mostly old women, many of whom have been selling flowers so long they have become as well known to many Londoners as Eros himself. They, too, have a hard time of it during the winter months.

* * *

One of the interesting places which visitors to London should see is the General Post Office. The staff alone would populate a small town, for it is not only a Post, but a Telegraph office as well. There is a small staff of experts who do nothing else but decipher peculiar addresses, for, strangely enough, there are people in London, and elsewhere also, who take delight in trying to puzzle those experts. I had copied a number of those peculiar addresses but, unfortunately, have lost the book. From memory, however, I can recall a few of them.

One was addressed to Paul Jones, with a drawing below the name showing a street with hens and a rooster on it. The experts were not long in deciding that Mr. Jones must live on Poultry Street. Another was merely a drawing depicting Dana Gibson, creator of the American Girl. It reached Gibson all right. A peculiar one was addressed to "Mr. William Smith, or any other intelligent Smith in London." As the London directory has pages and pages of Smiths, the story does not say which of them, if any, received the letter.

A short time before I went to London, there occurred a dramatic incident in Piccadilly Circus when the Marquis of Queensberry administered a public horsewhipping to Oscar Wilde, at that time at the height of his career in London as a writer and dramatist.

Wilde instituted an action against Queensberry and Russell was employed as solicitor to prepare the latter's defense. As a preliminary step, Russell hired some of Scotland Yard's ablest detectives with instructions for them to get evidence to justify the whipping. Queensberry's grievance was that Wilde had led his son astray and had involved him in a series of disgraceful, immoral offenses with young boys. A number of those young boys were rounded up and, until the trial, were kept from all possible contact with the prosecutor. In their possession were numerous presents given them by Wilde. The collection was still in Russell's office while I was there. It included silver cigarette cases and other such articles.

The evidence was so strong against Wilde that he withdrew the prosecution. But he was then indicted and convicted under the

Criminal Code and spent some time in prison. On his release he went to France where he ended his days.

It was in that same year that Lipton made his first challenge for the lifting of the American Cup and built the Shamrock I. Russell entrusted to me the drawing up of an agreement between Lipton and his two captains, Hogarth and Wringe, for the sailing of the Shamrock I in that historic race which Lipton was to follow up with several others.

I Am Sent To Africa

One day late in May, Russell called me into his office and said: "Arsenault, how would you like to take a trip to South Africa?" I said the proposal was sudden but that I thought I should like the trip. "Well," he said, "a client of mine will be here this afternoon; you may interview him and get all the particulars from him. Then, you can take the day off tomorrow; go to Cook's and get all the information you can concerning the places which you will visit; find out the date of the first sailing for South Africa and engage passage. Supply yourself with the necessary clothing for travelling through the tropics."

Mr. Russell had spoken to me about going to South Africa on a Tuesday. Thursday, two days later, I was ready, took the boat train for Southampton, and sailed from there that same evening on the Castle Line steamship, "Norham Castle". She was a small ship of about 5.000 tons, but well appointed and comfortable.

Our first port of call was the Island of Madeira. We dropped anchor in Funchal Bay about noon and were immediately boarded by a horde of natives who had come from the shore in small boats

loaded with handicraft work of many different kinds. I remember having bought for a pittance an eight-foot crochet shawl. So fine was the silk used in the making of that shawl that I could compress my purchase within one hand or pass it through a woman's finger ring.

* * *

I was one of a number of passengers who went on shore after luncheon for a brief inspection of the Island. Madeira belongs to Portugal and the inhabitants are Portuguese. Funchal Bay is semicircular and the town is located at the foot of a mountain about 4,000 feet high. The streets were paved with polished cobble stones with the only means of transportation being that of hammocks swung on poles and carried by porters, or that of wooden sleds each of which was drawn by two oxen. We chose the sleds and visited some parts of the town but were so pestered with beggars that we left the streets and went up the mountain side. We took a ride on the Funicular Railway which went up and up, past vineyards, flower gardens, and orchards. Fruits were in such profusion that large quantities lay on the ground unpicked and flowers were so plentiful that I bought a large basket of them embedded in damp moss for the equivalent of twenty-five cents.

On the top of the mountain we visited an ancient cathedral and a hotel. The hotel garden was a thing of beauty with tables set in groves of tropical trees. At one of those tables I had my first taste of the celebrated Madeira wine, a bottle of which I took aboard the ship with me. The return trip down the mountain was made by sled. Two men stood on a board at the back of

the sled and guided it with consummate skill as it slid over the polished cobblestones at a tremendous speed. As we descended we saw a wall of stone ahead but with dexterity the guides switched the sled around and off we went again. Time and again on our descent we were faced with like dangers but cleverly avoided by the guides.

* * *

We sailed the same evening for Cape Town and, during the trip of twelve or thirteen days, we had beautiful tropical weather with scarcely a ripple on the water. One evening, however, there was a ground swell; the ship listed to starboard at an angle of about 35 degrees and the dishes slid off the table on to our laps. Fortunately, we were past the main course of the meal and suffered no damage to our clothes. At my table and opposite to me during the whole voyage sat an Irish couple. The husband was an old gentleman much older than his wife. He was taking the voyage for his health. He had been a Zouave and had fought in the Papal Army at the taking of Rome by Garibaldi. Made a Papal Count for his services, he was treated with much respect in his native Ireland and was no longer spoken of as "Mr. O'Cleary" but as "The O'Cleary". In a moment of forgetfulness I called him Mr. OCleary and was promptly corrected by his wife. "The O'Cleary, if you please," she said. I took good care in future not to repeat my mistake.

Invariably at the dinner table the wife would pass her aging husband the menu and say: "Now dear what would you like to eat?" He would point to a number of items and she would say: "Oh, no dear, that will never do", and she

would proceed to order him something quite different, but always if it was on the menu she would order Irish stew.

* * *

There were some interesting passengers on the ship. One was a Colonel Ireland who had been with Kitchener at Khartoum. I sat on deck with him one day while, for an hour or more, he entertained me with the recital of some of his experiences. I can now recall but little of what he said, though I still remember his telling me that the British had used machine guns against the natives in Africa and that they would be so scared they would run away. Finally, their officers chained them to posts in the trenches.

Two young Boers were also on the ship. One had just graduated in medicine and the other in law. Both had studied in Edinburgh. They were fine athletes and took a prominent part in the ship's sports.

Another passenger who made himself popular with everyone aboard was an American mining engineer. He was in the employ of the De Beers of diamond fame and was returning from a trip to his home in the United States. I learned that his salary was 10,000 pounds a year. He was about 35 years of age, stood six feet, three inches, and weighed over 200 pounds. He was a great athlete and was the anchor man in the tug-of-war against the ship's crew.

* * *

On crossing the Equator, there was the usual ceremony of King Neptune coming on board. Those passengers who were crossing the "line" for the first time were supposed to be initiated by Neptune by being dipped into the sea.

Some of the passengers went through the ordeal; I was one of those who managed to escape it.

We passed near the Island of Teneriffe. We could clearly see that high cliff which reached 6,000 feet into the sky and the clouds which encircled it midway. Its top was bathed in the bright sun. I feel sure it was that towering cliff which had inspired Goldsmith to write:

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Sixteen days after we left Southampton and after covering 8,000 miles, we entered the harbour of Cape Town, one of the most beautiful harbours in the world. As you enter the harbour, which is partly landlocked and partly enclosed by harbour works, you have a splendid view of Table Mountain, at the base of which the town is built. Table Mountain rises to a height of 3,500 feet; to the east lies Devil's Peak; and to the west, the Lion's Head. A mist frequently covers Table Mountain and from the resemblance of this mist to a sheet of white linen, it is called the "table cloth."

* * *

The older part of the town is rather unattractive but the new section is well built and is laid out with avenues lined with palm trees. The botanical gardens are especially worth seeing since they cover 14 acres of ground and contain more than 8,000 varieties of trees. There are also many suburban districts extending a distance of seven miles along the foot of the mountain. For natural

beauty, those suburbs are among the finest in the world.

A short distance out of Cape Town is Groote Schuur built by Cecil Rhodes as a residence and bequeathed by him as a home for the Prime Minister of Federated South Africa. It is of Dutch architecture and is surrounded by a beautiful park in which is enclosed South African flora and fauna. It is one of South Africa's show places.

During my week's stay in Cape Town, I sat one day at table with the Prime Minister and the members of his Cabinet. I did not know at the time, I should add, the identity of my luncheon companions. Before rising from the table, one of the strangers spoke to me and, when he found out I was going to the interior of Cape Colony, strongly advised me not to go. This was in June, 1899. The South African War broke out the following October. The gentleman told me the interior of Cape Colony was much disturbed, that war was imminent, and that my trip might prove dangerous. No doubt it was my ignorance of the conditions of affairs in South Africa that caused me to pay so little attention to his warning. However, I met with no difficulties since I was out of the country a few months before hostilities began.

* * *

Our next stop, after leaving Cape Town, was Port Elizabeth. There, the ships have to anchor some distance from the piers owing to the heavy ground swells. The passengers who went ashore were transferred from the ship by means of a large wicker basket lowered to the deck of a tug. The basket was swung outward and as the tug rose to the top of the ground swell, was dropped on the

little craft's deck. It was a tricky operation, for the rise and fall of both vessels had to be synchronized in order to make the transfer.

Port Elizabeth was then noted for the many ostrich farms which flourished just outside the City. There I purchased two beautiful ostrich feathers for less than one dollar each in Canadian money.

Our next port of call was East London where landing conditions were about the same as those at Port Elizabeth.

Durban, about 800 miles north of Cape Town on the East Coast of Africa, was our next stop and the port where I disembarked. Even then it was a modern city of 40,000 people with modern waterworks and an electric-power system. Although it was the winter season in Durban, the temperature was quite warm. One of the means of transportation was by rickshaw. This rubber-tired vehicle had its origin in China and Japan. In Durban, the vehicles were drawn by negroes who vied with one another in the outlandishness of their head-gears. Those boys would wheel you around the town at a pace equal to a horse trot and keep it up for mile after mile.

After two days stay in Durban, I left by train for the interior. It left at midnight. Each compartment had six sleeping berths. I told the porter that I was getting off at Richmond Junction, which we were scheduled to reach at 6 a.m., and that I wished him to make sure I was awake in time. But he did not awaken me until we were pulling into the station. I just had time to put on my trousers, grab my bag and my other articles of attire, and get off the train before it began to pull ahead again. I had to finish

dressing in the station house. Two hours later, I was on another train on my way to Richmond. This was a narrow-gauge line which for the number of its curves and the slowness of its trains had even the old Prince Edward Island Railway surpassed.

At Richmond I barely had time to eat a hurried breakfast when my cart arrived. But when I interviewed the driver, I was told that all the seats were taken and that it would be impossible for him to accommodate me. This would mean a two-day stay in Richmond. Finally, by giving the driver a generous tip, he agreed to let me have a seat in front on mail bags and practically under the hind quarters of the horses. I gladly accepted.

* * *

Those carts reminded me of our own old two-wheeled hay wagons. They were about eighteen feet long with two heavily tired wheels. The frame was set on the axle with no springs between frame and axle. The passengers sat in three seats holding four passengers each with another seat in front for the driver. The power was six horses and the pace was a full gallop over a road which was a mere trail so that the dust rose from the horses' feet like a cloud. I, being immediately in front, got the full benefit of it.

The horses were changed every seven miles. This was outspanning and inspanning. On arrival at a change station where six fresh horses were waiting, the traces were simply unhooked to allow the tired horses to walk out of the shafts and the fresh horses were hooked in. The driver's whip consisted of a light pole about 12 feet long to which was attached a 20-foot lash. So expert was the driver with this whip that he

could hit the ears of the leading horses. When he cracked it, the sound was like a pistol shot.

We travelled in this manner until about seven o'clock in the evening when we arrived at the village of Icapo in Cape Colony. There, we were to stay overnight but, as I was trying to wash some portion of the dust off me, a chap came in to tell me that unless I wanted to remain there until the next cart—that is, for two days—I would have to leave at eight o'clock by special cart. I decided to do this and as soon as I had had something to eat, I boarded a small three-passenger cart drawn by six mules instead of six horses. My two companions in the cart were rough looking men with full beards, and I feared they might be bandits. Since I carried a large sum of money such fears did not contribute to my comfort.

* * *

The interior of South Africa is something like an inverted saucer. We were, therefore, continually rising to higher ground and the temperature kept getting colder and colder until at a height of 3,000 feet, the thermometer was below the freezing point every night. After a four-hour drive we stopped at a large shack where we were to sleep. I followed the two rough men into the shack and they led me into the barroom. The bartender handed out the dice and we shook for drinks. (This, I learned later, was the custom in this part of South Africa). I lost, and one of the men said, "He was a stranger and we took him in." I learned later, however, that they had felt badly about my being "stuck."

I was young and I was tired and so, though afraid of the rough men I saw all about me and the

crudeness of the accommodations, I was soon in dreamland. At four o'clock I was awakened by a ruffianly-looking chap who told me I had to get up if I wanted to leave. In the darkness we boarded our same mule cart and were off again. It was bitterly cold and I, having only a light overcoat, shivered until seven o'clock when we arrived at a village for breakfast.

After breakfast we started off again but this time in a large cart drawn by six horses which, as on our starting-out journey, were changed every seven miles.

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Whilst still at some distance from our destination the driver stopped, got off the cart and picked a parcel of weeds which he brought with him. I asked him what the weeds were but he gave me an evasive answer. That night I was kept awake by the chattering of the natives near my sleeping quarters. In the morning I asked an attendant what was all the noise about. He told me that the niggers had been smoking a weed which intoxicated them and they imagined that they were conversing with their ancestors. I afterwards realized that this weed was marijuana the driver had sold to the natives. At noon we reached my destination, Kockstad, where I immediately went to one of the two small hotels.

The one where I stayed consisted of a sitting and dining room, a kitchen, and a barroom. Sleeping accommodations were in the yard back of the hotel. The rooms were mere cubicles, about eight feet long by six feet wide, with a cot, a chair, a tin jug, and a washing basin. The price was $4.50 per day for board and room.

Kockstad had a population of about 3,000. It is the capital of Grigualand and was founded by the Griguas and named after the leader, Kock, so that its literal meaning was Kock's town. At the time of my visit, it was a depot for the Cape Mounted Rifles. There was a small club in the town and my two erstwhile companions took me there and arranged matters so that I had free access to the place during my week's stay.

When I got to know them better, I found they were really fine fellows. Both were prospectors. When they made a strike, they would sell the claim, have a good time, then move on and make another strike. During my stay with them, they would not allow me to spend a cent. When I tried to remonstrate with them, they would laugh and say my money was no good, that on our first meeting they had stuck me, and that such a thing would not happen again.

On the first afternoon of my arrival in Kockstad I went to see a lawyer whose name I had brought with me from London. He was out of town but I was told he would be back that evening. Accordingly, about 7 o'clock I went to his home. When I introduced myself as coming from England, he said, "But you are not an Englishman!" I replied that I was a Canadian. "Oh, you are a Canadian," he said. "That is very interesting. You know, I was born in Canada. My father, Major Elliot, was stationed in Canada and fought with the Canadians at the time of the Riel Rebellion. So you see, I have a soft spot in my heart for Canadians."

When I started to explain my business, he said, "Look here, young man. You look all in; don't

say a word now." With that he went into another room and soon returned with a generous drink of whiskey and told me to "put it down." I really needed it. I had been travelling by train and by springless, bone-wracking carts; I was choked with dust; and I was even more tired than I had realized.

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After I had told him my business, he told me that the information I wanted could not be had in Kockstad but in another place seventy-five miles further on. The cart to that place would leave the next morning. "But you are in no shape to leave by cart tomorrow," he said, "and in any case, you would not be able to do much for the people there speak what is known as the 'lingo' and you would not understand it. You stay here and I'll send my clerk instead. He knows the place, can speak the 'lingo', and can secure the information you want more easily than you could.

He did not have to argue much to persuade me to stay and I remained five days awaiting the return of the clerk. During that interval, I roamed a lot about the town and the adjoining area.

* * *

The town is settled some distance from a range of mountains. The country around the town was known as all such land in South Africa is known, by the name of the veldt. Like other African veldts, it was full of ant hills. Some of those hills were from four to five feet high, and the clay of which they were built was so hard that I had great difficulty in breaking it. However, I managed by the aid of a stick to break a piece from one of those hills but when I went back next day to see what had happened, the

ants had so repaired the hill that I could not distinguish it from the others. I made another break and marked the hill for identification. When I returned the next day that break also had been repaired and I had a most difficult time in seeing where I had made the break.

Whilst in London I had paid a visit to the Crystal Palace. There the keeper showed me a colony of ants and told me of their strange habits. The ants were attended by slave ants who fed them, for even with food available they would not eat unless fed by the slaves. They also had cow ants that were milked to feed the young ants. I thought by digging into these nests that I would uncover the ants and observe them, but I was unable to do so.

The detachment of Cape Mounted Rifles stationed in Kockstad had a splendid football and polo team. I had witnessed several games while there so that when I returned to Durban on my way back to London, I was in company for a while with the Kockstad polo team who were participating at Durban in a tournament play. Twelve teams competed in the tournament. The ponies they used are the Basuto which are said to be the best in the world. They seemed to know as much about the game as their riders. Each player had three ponies. The ball would be struck with the long-handled mallet and off the pony would tear at terrific speed. Reaching the ball, he would turn as on a pivot and when the ball was struck go after it again with the same speed and eagerness. They were beautiful little animals, weighing not more than 800 pounds.

The veldt in South Africa is comparable to our own Western prairie. When I was there the only grain grown was winter wheat and, owing to the dry winters, irrigation was necessary. I saw monks irrigating the land belonging to their monasteries and did not envy them their laborious task. They grow winter wheat mostly for their own use and irrigate the land by the primitive method of carrying the water to the fields in pails, one pail on each end of a stick slung across their shoulders. Those monks go bareheaded and barefooted even in the hottest days of summer or the coldest days of winter.

During the trip back to Durban I saw quite a number of fat-tailed sheep. The tails of these sheep weigh as much as twenty-five pounds. They are said to be a great delicacy.

* * *

I spent two days in Durban awaiting the arrival of the ship that was to take me back to England. My return trip to London was uneventful. The ship, the Dunvegan, was a new vessel of about 6,000 tons and was very comfortable. During the voyage we had several lightning storms with torrential rains. The absence of thunder struck me as something remarkable until I learned later that at sea there is no such thing as the thunder one experiences on land.

Immediately upon my arrival in London, Mr. Russell telephoned me to come to his home. There were a couple of gentlemen with him when I arrived and, after greeting me, he turned to them and said jokingly, "This young man tells me he has just returned from South Africa, but I don't believe him. I think he has just been sporting around."

I Return To Canada

Almost before I knew it my year in England was at an end and I was on my way back to Canada.

After my arrival in Charlottetown, the South African War having broken out and as I was recently returned from the scene of action, I was requested to give a lecture on South Africa. This lecture was first delivered in Charlottetown, but requests came to me to repeat it in many other places from Tignish to Souris.

I am not a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but in this address I ventured to express the opinion that before many years Cape Colony, Natal and the Transvaal would join in a Confederacy,—which event took place not long after the end of the war.

The first thing I did after spending a short time in looking the situation over was to open a law office in Charlottetown. After a few months, however, I decided that there were better opportunities for a young lawyer in Prince County and I accordingly moved to Summerside. After a year's practice on my own, I entered into a partnership with Neil MacQuarrie, K.C.

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I had been told that Mr. MacQuarrie was a hard man to get along with and very irascible, but during our 15 years' association there never was a cross word exchanged between us and our business relations were most agreeable. I attended mostly to the office work, making the loans, drafting documents, passing on land titles, etc., while he devoted his time to consultation and court work. He was a lawyer of unusual ability and was at that time perhaps the Island's leading counsel. In those days the Chamber work was all

done in Charlottetown, and since all the appeals were heard there, hardly a week passed without his having to go to Charlottetown either on Chamber work or on some appeal case.

At the suggestion of some friends, I ran for Town Councillor for the Town of Summerside in 1906. We formed a slate with the late Mr. Justice Saunders, then Mr. Saunders, running for Mayor and the late Dr. Alexander MacNeill as my colleague. We were elected with good majorities and the first result of our administration was the laying of the first concrete sidewalks in the Town. Our next step was the launching of a campaign for the advocacy of water and sewerage installation in the Town. There was considerable opposition to the proposal because of the fear of greatly-increased taxes, but a plebiscite was held and our project approved. Within a year, the water and sewerage systems were installed.

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In 1908, I was chosen to contest the Third District of Prince County in the Provincial election which was held that year. My father had held that District from 1867 until 1895, winning 11 consecutive elections during that time. and my brother had held it for four years.

At one of those elections, my father's running mate was a Mr. Sinclair from Malpeque. A few days before this particular election was held, several of the Malpeque voters conceived the idea of electing the two Malpeque candidates, Mr. Sinclair, and the Liberal candidate. Mr. Sinclair. did not learn of the plot until the day before the election. On the morning of the election, he went to the Malpeque poll and remained there all day exhorting his

neighbors not to vote for him as he would not be a party to such treachery. On election night he felt satisfied that he had been defeated but was not downcast. It was worth something to have maintained his honour.

Next day my father drove to Malpeque and congratulated Mr. Sinclair on his victory. "Elected!" shouted Sinclair, "Why, I was defeated; I did not get a single vote at this end." "Maybe not," replied my father, "but you got plenty at the other end. Enough to elect you." This incident was told me by Mr. Sinclair himself, many years ago.

* * *

In order to contest the District, I had to resign from the Town Council as the law at that time barred Town Councillors from being elected to the Provincial Legislature. Accordingly, I sent in my resignation as Councillor but, curiously enough, there was no provision at that time in the by-laws of the Town of Summerside which would permit my resignation. I knew this, but I took the chance. When we came to be sworn, I was informed that Mr. Haszard, the Premier, would object to my taking the oath on the ground that my resignation as Councillor was ineffective and that I, therefore, was unqualified to be elected.

Two things led me to believe that Mr. Hazard would object. First, my defeated political opponent was present at the swearing in; and, second, one after another of the elected candidates were sworn in and I was being left to the last. When my turn came to be called up. I felt sure Mr. Haszard would rise and object. But he sat back, motionless, in his seat and I was duly sworn.

It is only right that I should here pay my tribute to the late Justice Haszard.

From 1908 to 1911, when he was appointed to the Bench, he had a very difficult time as leader of the Government. With John A. Mathieson as leader, we were a strong, fighting Opposition. Mr. Mathieson was one of the best informed politicians who ever sat in the Provincial Parliament. He was a fighter (too much so I thought at times); he was resourceful; and he was persistent. The sessions during that term lasted from eight to nine weeks. The Order Paper was filled with questions. If the answers to those questions were not forthcoming, or were considered unsatisfactory, they were followed by resolutions which gave the Opposition the privilege of discussing the subject matter of the question. And if those resolutions did not clarify the matter, we still had our opportunity at the passing of the Estimates.

The voting of Supply is the big stick which the Opposition can successfully wield to force the Government to answer questions, and the Estimates can be held up until the questions are answered. At that time, the Government comes to ask Parliament to vote Supply and Parliament has the constitutional right to refuse Supply until it has been given a full account of how the money voted the previous year had been spent. The voting of Supply brings before Parliament every Department of the Government, and the heads of the various Departments must be ready and willing to give full answers to the questions put to them during the passing of those Estimates.

Of late years. I have known of questions put by the Opposition

which the head of the Department concerned has refused to answer and who has even been saucy in his refusal. If this had happened during the days I sat in the House, such a Minister would have found himself put in his place very quickly by the simple expedient of refusing to vote Supply for his Department until he had given full answers to the questions asked.

* * *

The Hon. Mr. Haszard had two or three lukewarm supporters in the House and he had a difficult time in keeping them in line. The Government narrowly escaped defeat on one occasion by their refusing to vote.

In the spring of 1911, a vacancy occurred on the Prince Edward Island Bench by the death of Hon. Justice Hodgson. There was also a vacancy in the Senate. A delegation left for Ottawa in the last days of the session. In the meantime, the Opposition had been making life miserable for Mr Haszard, urging him to press his claim to the position, and he left for Ottawa as soon as the session was over. He reached Ottawa only to find that the appointment to the Bench had been made. But, fortunately for him, the Governor-General was absent from Ottawa and the appointment had not been signed.

Mr. Haszard succeeded in arranging a conference with the Prime Minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Present at this conference were the two Federal representatives from Queen's County and the delegate who had preceded Mr. Haszard to Ottawa. The question of the appointment was re-opened and the result was that the Prime Minister agreed to cancel the one he had just made and to appoint Mr. Haszard. Had the

Opposition not been pressing Mr. Haszard so hard, the chances are he would never have gone to Ottawa and would have lost his appointment to the Bench.

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The resultant resignation of Mr. Haszard as Premier caused a crisis in his Party. Mr. Palmer was called upon to form a new Government. At that time, one taking a portfolio in the Government, even though he had been previously elected to Parliament, was compelled to appear before the electors of his District for re-election. The writ for the by-election was issued May 31st, 1911, but it was put off until Dec. 6th, following. Mr. Palmer was defeated, the Government resigned, and Mr. Mathieson was called upon to form a Government. The House was dissolved and an election was held in January, 1912. The Conservatives were swept into power with the overwhelming number of 28 to two Liberals. The two Liberals who survived the deluge were the Hon. John Richards and Mr. McWilliams. Both were from the Second District of Prince, a traditionally Liberal stronghold.

Mr. Haszard was a frank and sincere man of undoubted probity. His word was as good as his bond and it was not in his nature to do a mean thing. Though the Opposition vigorously attacked many of his policies, they had nothing but the greatest respect for his personal qualities. For fifteen years I was associated with him on the Bench and our work brought us often together. He was my senior on the Bench and I shall always remember with a deep sense of gratitude the many times he came to my assistance when I was wrestling with weighty legal problems. My wife

and I were often guests of Mr. Justice Haszard and Mrs. Haszard at their bountiful table.

On the formation of the Mathieson Government, I became a member without portfolio. The following composed the Government:

Hon. John A. Mathieson, Premier and Attorney-General.

Hon. Murdoch MacKinnon, Commissioner of Agriculture.

Hon. James McNeill, Commissioner of Public Works.

Without Portfolio:

Hon. John McLean, Souris.

Hon. John A. McDonald, Cardigan.

Hon. Albert Prowse, Murray Harbour.

Hon. W. S. Stewart, Charlottetown.

Hon. Murdoch Kennedy, Breadalbane.

Hon. A. E. Arsenault, Egmont Bay.

The first thing of major political importance undertaken by Mr. Mathieson after he became Premier was the drawing up of a brief for presentation to the Borden Government in which arguments for additional subsidy were carefully prepared.

Premier Mathieson was accompanied to Ottawa by the Hon. John MacLean and myself. After a full presentation before the Cabinet, Mr. Mathieson asked that a select committee of the Privy Council be named to go into more intimate detail respecting Prince Edward Island's claims. Sir Robert Borden, who had led his Party to victory the year before, agreed to the proposal for the appointment of such a committee and named himself, Sir George Foster, Sir Thomas White, Hon. Mr. Pelletier, and possibly one other as the members.

In the meantime, while we were waiting for a further conference, we spent our time in soliciting the favour of each member of the Government on behalf of our cause. I remember quite vividly that after an especially long interview with Sir George Foster, he put his arm over Mr. MacLean's shoulder as we were leaving his office and said, "John, my heart bleeds for Prince Edward Island." We felt much encouraged by those words for Sir George had the reputation of being very cold and not easily moved. If he was so much in sympathy with our aims then we felt the others would be also.

Our conference with the Select Committee was a long one, but at the end of it we felt we had succeeded. The question that gave us the most concern now was, how much would we get?

We had been in Ottawa for three weeks and each of us was beginning to think that he had made a nuisance of himself by his persistent lobbying. As we were leaving the Conference at its concluding session, Mr. Mathieson said to Sir Robert: "Well, Sir Robert, I guess we will leave for home, and no doubt you will be glad to get rid of us."

Sir Robert, who appeared to be in unusually good spirits, said, "That reminds me of a story. A man gave a party one night; there was plenty of wine and plenty of the merriment that goes with it. But there were a man and his wife present who did not drink and who were more or less of a wet blanket on the party. Shortly after midnight, the wife said to the husband, 'John, this party is getting pretty gay; don't you think we had better go?" 'Yes,' replied John, 'let's go.' So they went to the host and, bidding him

good night, said to him, 'We think that if you will excuse us, we shall go home.' To which the host replied, 'You can't leave any too damn soon to please me'."

This story of Sir Robert's raised a great laugh with all present and in a jovial atmosphere we took our departure.

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The result of the conference was an increase of $100,000 to our yearly subsidy. Today, with our Provincial Government taking in millions and the Federal in billions, $100,000 appears picayune, but in those days, when our total provincial revenue was less than $600,000, an additional $100,000 was a substantial sum to have added to the revenue of a small Province which had had yearly deficits for a long time.

We took occasion on this and subsequent visits to Ottawa to make other requests. Our telegraph communication with the mainland depended in those days on an old cable which frequently broke. Even without such disruptions, the service was poor. We pressed for a two-core cable on which a telephone circuit could be superimposed. We succeeded in getting the two-core cable and the agreement with the telegraph and telephone companies stipulated that, with respect to messages coming over the cable, we should be considered as a part of the mainland with the result that no charge would be made for the messages so far as their nine miles over the cable across Northumberland Strait was concerned.

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This was an important admission and was the means of establishing a precedent by which the Island would have some basis for claiming that ferry transportation

across the Strait should also be free. I have contended for years that with respect to all transportation across the Borden-Tormentine ferry route, we should be looked upon as forming a part of the mainland, and that since the Federal Government had conceded the point with respect to cable tolls, they should also concede it with respect to ferry transportation.

We also succeeded in establishing another precedent. Previous to this, all money voted by the Federal Government to the Provinces in aid of agriculture had been distributed on a basis of population. We succeeded in having the Federal Government first allocate specific sums to each Province and then distribute the remainder on a population basis. By this system we obtained more money than we had received under the old method of distribution.

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Naturally, we as a Government were greatly interested in the proposed improved communications between the Island and the mainland which Sir Robert Borden had promised the people of Prince Edward Island during his 1911 political campaign. We soon saw that Sir Robert's promise had been more than political bait. An engineer was sent to the Island to make a survey with the object of recommending the place to establish a carferry route. Upon his arrival, the engineer had an interview with Premier Mathieson at which I was present. Three routes were considered: Cape Traverse to Tormentine; Borden to Tormentine; and Summerside to Tormentine.

During the conference, Mr. Mathieson referred to the tides. He said the tide, when it came to East Point, divided, with one

part coming down the Strait and the other going along the North Shore, around North Cape, and then meeting the other tide between Cape Tormentine and the Island coast. He further explained that in the early spring great floes of ice entered the Strait with the tides and that they upon meeting caused such a tremendous pressure of ice that, until the tides parted, the Strait at that point was solidly blocked.

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From Charlottetown the engineer, a Mr. Kirkpatrick, was to go to Summerside to confer with that Town's Board of Trade. As he was about to leave us, Mr. Mathieson said to Kirkpatrick, "Captain Joseph Read will be present at your meeting in Summerside. He is a man who knows a great deal about winter navigation and about tides. He will explain to you how the tides meet and divide, and how one tide is twelve hours later than the other. He will explain to you the masses of northern ice carried down by those tides and will tell you that this ice rushes up and down the Strait in hundreds of millions of tons." Mr. Mathieson spoke those words in a more or less joking manner.

However, I was present next evening at the Summerside meeting and, sure enough, Captain Read began to talk about the ice and the tides. "I tell you, sir," he said, turning to Kirkpatrick, "that the ice comes up and down the Strait in hundreds of millions of tons"—the very words which Mr. Mathieson had told Kirkpatrick the Captain would use.

Kirkpatrick looked at me. There was a broad grin on his face which no one in that room but myself could interpret.

Captain Joseph Read had spent a lifetime at sea. He had sailed the seven oceans. His wide knowledge was the result of the great amount of reading he had done while on his long voyages. Entertaining, he was fond of telling stories to illustrate his statement that, no matter into which port he sailed, there was always a Prince Edward Islander not far away. For instance, Captain Read enjoyed telling about the time when, sailing up a river in China, his vessel was close to one of the banks on which two men were sitting. As the men read the ship's name on her bow, they leaped to their feet and shouted, "Ship ahoy, good old Prince Edward Island." They were Islanders stranded in China. Captain Read put a boat over the side and had the men brought aboard the ship.

He was well versed on the question of trade and commerce and would discuss such economic subjects by the hour and most intelligently. On one occasion he was sitting in the lobby of the old Halifax Hotel, since burned down. A number of commercial travellers were gathered around in the lobby and were deeply immersed in a discussion on world trade. None of them knew the bewhiskered man half-hidden behind a newspaper who was listening intently to what they had to say. But, finally, unable to restrain himself any longer, Captain Read dropped his paper and said to the surprised group, "You gentlemen are discussing trade and commerce. Now, let me tell you something about trade and commerce." For an hour or more he talked continuously until one of the listeners inquired of another, "Who is this old guy who seems to have been everywhere and to know everything?" They

found out before Captain Read was through.

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His son, Captain John Read who died recently, was a chip off the old block and an able navigator. He, too, had sailed the seven seas and was an expert on winter navigation. Not only had he piloted with great success our own ice-breakers, but he had sailed the north seas and had taken two ice-breakers to northern ports in Russia during the First World War. By such feats he had made himself a reputation which was in no wise tarnished by the fact that he lost the car ferry, "Charlottetown."

For this mishap he was dismissed from the service after a long and distinguished career. That the fault of the disaster was his, I am not prepared to dispute. But I have had the opportunity to read the evidence submitted at the investigation, and I can only say that had I been sitting in judgment on the hearing, I should, perhaps, have come to a different conclusion from that of the learned judge who presided.

In my time, I have seen many judgments reversed, not only those of trial judges, but those of Provincial Appeal Courts, and many, even, of the Supreme Court of Canada and by the Privy Council. Therefore, it is not impossible that had Captain Read taken his case to a higher Court, a reversal might well have been the result. The best of judges have erred—or at least higher Courts have so determined—and it is no reflection on a learned judge if we cast a doubt on his judgment in that case.

Captain Read deserved a better fate. He had given long, faithful, and competent service; there

were no black marks against his character; and, if fault there was on his part, it was a fault of judgment which, though it might have been deserving of temporary suspension, should not have resulted in his dismissal.

It was my privilege while a member of the Government, and later as Premier, to attend several Inter-Provincial Conferences. The Conference of 1913 brought together McBride of British Columbia, Sifton of Alberta, Scott of Saskatchewan, Roblin of Manitoba, Whitney of Ontario, Sir Lomer Gouin of Quebec, Fleming of New Brunswick, Murray of Nova Scotia, and Mathieson of Prince Edward Island.

McBride of British Columbia was then at the height of his career. Candidly, I was not impressed with him. During a banquet given for the Provincial Premiers and their advisers by the Federal Government, McBride made a break which I thought inexcusable. Sifton was a quiet, taciturn man, a chain smoker, who never seemed to be without a long, black cigar in his mouth. Roblin was a dry smoker. He held his cigar in his mouth until it became soggy from being rolled around by his lips and tongue, then he would throw it away and replace it with a fresh one. He never lit them.

The most prominent figures of the Conference were Whitney and Gouin who alternately presided as chairmen.

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Accompanying Hon. Mr. Scott, Premier of Saskatchewan, was his Attorney General, the youngest Attorney General of any Province, thirty-four. His name was Turgeon. He has since had a distinguished career, first as Chief Justice of his Province.

He has been an Ambassador, and presided over many Commissions, on one of which he is now sitting. On the occasion of his sitting in Charlottetown on that Commission, I met him again after knowing him in Ottawa thirty-six years previously.

Some of the chief topics of discussion were the claim of Prince Edward Island for its retention of six members in the House of Commons and the joint claim of the Maritimes for compensation for the school lands given to Saskatchewan and Alberta and the railway belt given to British Columbia as well as for the north lands given to all the other Provinces which resulted in a great expansion of their physical boundaries.

The presentation for the retention of the Island's six members in the House of Commons was by courtesy made by Premier Fleming of New Brunswick. It had been prepared by Premier Mathieson and its main premise was that a mistake had been made at the time of our entry into Confederation and that the record showed that we were to retain our six members for all time regardless of a diminution in population.

Sir Lomer Gouin said that if it were established that a mistake had been made, then in justice to Prince Edward Island the error should be rectified.

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On the question concerning the expansion of the boundaries of the other Provinces, the three Maritime Provinces contended that those northern lands were part of the public domain and that the Maritimes had a proportionate financial interest in them along with those other Provinces which

comprised the Dominion of Canada when the transfer of ownership of those lands was made to the other six Provinces by the Federal Government. Since they had been purchased from the Hudson Bay Company by the Federal Government out of the public monies, those north lands were the common property of the whole of Canada, the Maritimes maintained.

Once more Sir Lomer made a significant statement. "At the present time," he said, "we do not know whether those lands are an asset or a liability. They are, for the most part, unsurveyed and sparsely populated, and it is going to cost us a lot of money to administer them. However, should they in the future prove to be valuable, then I am of the opinion that the Maritime Provinces should receive adequate compensation for their interest in them."

Later, in the House of Commons, the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Borden, made a similar statement when the question of Maritime interest in those Crown lands came up for discussion.

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In the meantime, those lands have become of fabulous value. They contain an almost inexhaustible supply of precious and basic minerals such as gold, radium ore, iron, and oil. Those great natural resources are rapidly enriching the other Provinces and will continue to enrich them for many generations. And we of the Maritimes are left holding the bag.

It is a grave injustice for which there is not the semblance of an excuse. But the blame for this lamentable situation cannot be altogether laid at the door of the Federal Government nor upon the thresholds of the other six Provinces. It is not human nature

for persons placed in similar circumstances to disgorge a portion of their wealth to others without pressing claims being presented. The blame can be fairly laid only at the doors of those three Maritime Governments who remain silent while their heritage is being spent for the enrichment of others—and at a time when they are in such great need of the millions which in all justice should be their share.

* * *

The Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta had no public lands. In this respect they were in a position similar to Prince Edward Island and the other Maritimes. But the three western Provinces were given compensation by way of generous subsidies. However, they were not satisfied and fought, and kept on fighting, for an allotment of those Crown lands and natural resources which had been withheld from them. Finally, they were given Crown lands which practically doubled the area of each Province and were allowed to keep their subsidies as well. But Prince Edward Island was given nothing as compensation in view of the fact that its share of those public domains had been handed over to the three Western Provinces.

Why should our three Maritime Premiers not be blamed for their lethargy in respect to the Maritime share of those lands? It is not as though, because they belong to another generation, they are not acquainted with the constitutional aspects of the case. But even if they are not wholly familiar with the argument, that, still, is no excuse. Those Maritime claims are on file at Ottawa. They have never been contradicted. On the contrary, they have been

tacitly recognized by such great Parliamentarians as Borden and Gouin and all that remains to be done is to take them from their pigeon holes, dust them off, and, in the further light of present day information, present them anew under a condition today far more favourable than that of thirty years ago.

* * *

Have we prospered under Confederation? We have—and we have not. There is not any pronounced sentiment among Maritime people in favour of secession from the Dominion, but we might well make reservations when expressing the opinion that the Maritimes will never attempt to secede.

With the exception of coal mining in Nova Scotia, and their steel mills, there are no large industries of any account in the Maritimes. Our geographical location is not suitable for the establishment of major industries. We are far removed from the large centres of population and we lack the necessary capital to launch large-scale enterprises. On the other hand, millions of our money are sent each year through the banks, insurance companies, and the trust companies to Montreal and Toronto, which are the headquarters for all our national business organizations. Those millions are used to build up Ontario and Quebec at our expense.

But we had industries before we entered Confederation. We had our own carriage-building plants; our own tanneries; our own woolen cloth mills; our own shoe factories; and many other smaller enterprises. After Confederation, we were not able to compete with the industrial centres of Ontario and Quebec. Here, in Prince Edward Island, we

were practically marooned, isolated, especially during the winter, from the rest of Canada. How could we manufacture and successfully compete against Central Canada under such conditions?

* * *

What has been the result of our isolation? Our factories have disappeared and today we purchase everything from Central Canada except our food. We purchase from the manufacturers of Ontario and Quebec everything we wear from the shoes on our feet to the hats or caps on our heads. Every piece of farming machinery comes from those Provinces; every appliance, every bit of furniture, stoves, kitchen utensils, crockery, radios, automobiles, tractors, etc., etc.

On the other hand, those Provinces take but little from us. We have nothing to export except agricultural and fish products and those Provinces are both agricultural as well as industrial. The amount of salt-water fish which Ontario buys from us is negligible. Both take some potatoes from us because ours are the best in the world. Apart from a small portion of our potato surplus, they buy very little from us.

It was Sir Richard Cartwright, then a member of the Government, who said in Parliament that the Maritime Provinces were the shreds and patches of the Dominion; and, only recently, a prominent member of the Government called the Maritimers "yappers" Evidently, this is how we are regarded by many of the bigger politicians from the larger Provinces.

We reluctantly entered Confederation. But we were considered essential to the rounding out of Canada and pressure, considerable pressure, was brought to bear to induce us to become a part of

the Dominion. In one respect, we were looked upon as a key Province in those early days. From a military standpoint, we were strategically located in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Upper Canadian leaders considered our entry into Confederation as being essential for the safety of the Dominion.

One of the promises made us when we agreed to become a part of Canada was that we should have continuous communication with the mainland but it was many years before this promise was even partially implemented It was also part of the contract that we should have six representatives in the House of Commons, but through a most unfortunate error, this condition was not clearly set out in the terms with the result that the Federal Government took advantage of this mistake to deprive us of two representatives. Therefore, at a time when our need for being heard in the council of the nation was most great, our voice became weaker instead of stronger. Today it is so weak that it is seldom heard above a whisper.

* * *

Let us consider for a moment what the Western Provinces have gained by the restoring to them of their lands and natural resources while still retaining the subsidies given because these lands had been withheld from them. Let us further realize the wealth conferred on them and on Ontario and Quebec by having their boundaries extended north.

The Province of Alberta benefits by millions of dollars through oil and gas discovered on those lands.

This north country added to the different provinces has proved immensely rich in minerals in-

cluding the large deposits of iron ore in Labrador.

We had our share in these lands; it was part of our patrimony. Have we been compensated? Not a cent have we received. It is not justice, it is not fair play.

* * *

I have wandered far from the Inter-Provincial Conference and must return.

Apart from the pronouncement of Sir Lomer Gouin on the question of compensation to the Maritimes for our share of the public domains granted to the other Provinces, the Conference came to no agreement on the other questions submitted before it. The Honourable Mr. Mathieson, I am proud to say, made a most favourable impression upon the members of the Conference. In conversation with the secretary, an able man who had acted in that capacity to all inter-provincial conferences held up to that time, I was told that the Island delegation had in Mr. Mathieson the best informed and ablest man present at the Conference.

I may say that Mr. Mathieson was not only well versed in the political history of his own Province but knew more about the political history of the other Provinces and their relation to the Federal Government than their own delegates did.

* * *

The last Inter-Provincial Conference I attended was that of 1918 when I was Premier of Prince Edward Island. The main object of this Conference which was called by the Dominion Government was the consideration of the right of the Western Provinces to a grant of the public lands and natural resources of their Provinces.

A member of the Dominion Government presided. At the first meeting the question was asked the chairman, "Is it the policy of the Federal Government to grant to the Western Provinces the lands and natural resources withheld from them when they entered Confederation and for the want of which they were given subsidies?" The chairman simply answered, "Yes." "In that case," said Sir Lomer Gouin, "I beg to submit the following resolution: 'That the other Provinces agree to the proposed transfer, but that the annual subsidies heretofore paid them for want of public lands be hereafter withheld from them, and that the sum total of these subsidies be divided among the other Provinces and that no Province receive less than $325.000 annually'."

The Western Provinces objected to the resolution and no progress could be made. The chairman then suggested that the delegates meet in conference by themselves and try to reach an agreement. The delegates met accordingly, but the Western delegates were adamant; they wanted their lands and their resources and their subsidies as well. No arguments made any impression on them, and a report to that effect was made to the main conference and that ended it.

* * *

Subsequently, the Western Provinces had their demand granted, and their annual subsidies were retained as well. British Columbia and Quebec could not well complain for they had had immense rich territories added to them, but the poor Maritimes were left in the lurch. They have remained on the outside looking in ever since.

Manitoba, which, on entering Confederation, had been placed on a par with Prince Edward Island, did magnificently well. Not only were its terms adjusted and re-adjusted but it finally was given all the advantages granted to Saskatchewan and Alberta, and these were related back five years. Prince Edward Island may some day be given justice but I cannot but wonder how long it is going to be before that day comes.

Some Statesmen I Have Known

I have been privileged, during, and even before, my political career, to meet many of the leading statesmen of Canada. I have met Sir John A. Macdonald, though I cannot say I knew him very well. He came to Prince Edward Island several times. I heard him address a public meeting in Charlottetown, but my knowledge of him has been gained more from my reading about him than from personal contact. His outstanding quality as a statesman was his vision. He took a long view of Confederation. He did not look for any great immediate benefits but saw the advantages which would result from a united Canada.

As an example of his vision, I was told by a member of the House of Commons who had it from a member of Sir John's Cabinet, that, when the Parliament Buildings were under construction, he urged the purchase of all adjoining lands because he felt that such lands would be needed for the building of Government offices within a relatively few years. The Cabinet pooh-poohed the suggestion with results that are only too well known today: the scattering of Government offices all over the City of Ottawa.

Sir John had a great sense of

humour. On one occasion, upon a visit to Charlottetown, he visited the Chamber where he had sat as a delegate to the Confederation conference in 1864. On this, his second visit, he was asked to sign the visitors' book. He wrote his name and address and, pausing to consider what he should put down for his occupation, turned to his secretary, Joseph Pope, and said, "Joe, what shall I put down as my occupation?" Without waiting for an answer, he wrote "cabinet maker." His signature and the words, "cabinet maker" can be clearly read today. They had good ink in those days.

* * *

I have heard Sir Wilfrid Laurier speak in Charlottetown. I also met him during the visit of three French representatives who came from France on a good-will mission during the First World War.

I happened to be in Ottawa durign the visit of those French representatives to the Capital. A luncheon was given them by Mr. Brodeur at his home. I never learned how my presence in Ottawa became known to Mr. Brodeur, but he had a telephone message come to me at the Chateau inviting me to the luncheon. Among those present, apart from the guests of honour and the host himself, were Sir Wilfrid, Mr. Lemieux, Mr. Jacques Bureau, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, and many others whose names I cannot now recall.

I sat at Sir Charles' right with one of the French delegates to the left. In the middle of the luncheon, Sir Charles turned to me and said. "Why, this will never do; you should be sitting by the French delegate and conversing with him." Saying this, he rose, picked up his plate, knives, and forks and placed them before

me. Then he took my plate, knives, and forks and put them in front of his chair and made me change places with him. It was only a simple thing, but I shall never forget Sir Charles' memory for the kindness and thoughtfulness which prompted the act.

For the second time I met the French good-will mission in Quebec and for the third time when they came to Charlottetown where I acted host to them.

* * *

Sir Robert Borden I knew very well. As a member of the Government, I had occasion to have frequent interviews with him, and almost invariably he would ask me to have luncheon with him at the Rideau Club where he and other members of the Government usually ate their lunch together. He was a genial host and loved to tell a story.

On one such occasion after lunch we were sitting before the fireplace when I began to tell him one or two of the amusing incidents that had befallen me during my student days in London. I spoke of Sir Charles Russell and of his father, Lord Russell of Killowen. He interrupted me and called out to some of his colleagues, "Arsenault tells me that he studied with Charlie Russell in London." (Russell was solicitor in London for the Dominion Government). He then got me to tell them what I had been telling him.

Sir Robert was not what might be called a fluent speaker; he was rather deliberate in his speech, but he always commanded the full attention and respect of the House. If, during a speech, he should make a statement that perhaps appeared somewhat controversial to him, he would often follow it up by saying, "If any hon-

ourable member of the House questions my word, I have the proof right under my hand." Usually, the alleged proof merely consisted of a few blank sheets of foolscap. Although in his office he appeared rather severe and cold, he was genial and entertaining as a host or when he was in company.

* * *

Sir McKenzie Bowell was another of Canada's political leaders whom I also knew fairly well both as Prime Minister and, later, as Senator. I remember one night being in the Senate Gallery with the late John MacLean before he was named Senator. Sir McKenzie and MacLean had been in the House together for several years and were very friendly. On this occasion we were sitting in the centre row while Sir McKenzie was in one of the front seats. He got up to go out of the Gallery and, as he was sitting in about the middle of the front row, he thought it more convenient to climb over the back of the seats. He was then about 90 years of age but quite active and resented being considered in any way helpless. As he approached where MacLean and I were sitting, John extended a hand to help Sir McKenzie who promptly slapped MacLean, not too harshly, across the cheek.

* * *

I also knew Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen well. It was said of him, with some justification, that he was at times absent-minded and that he could never remember where he had laid his hat.

On the morning of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's funeral, I was in Ottawa on business. As the funeral was not until 11 o'clock, I had been able to make an appointment with Meighen, then Prime

Minister, for 10 o'clock. At the end of our conference, Mr. Meighen asked me if I had a card for a seat in the church. I told him that I did not have one, that it was likely that one had arrived for me in Charlottetown after my departure for Ottawa (I found the card awaiting me when I returned to Charlottetown). Mr. Meighen then invited me to go with him as that would avoid any difficulty for me at the church.

We drove to his house where Mrs. Meighen joined us and then drove to the National Museum where the body of Sir Wilfrid lay in state. At that time, because of the recent burning of the Parliament Buildings, the National Museum was being used as a House of Commons and Senate.

On arrival at the Museum, Mrs. Meighen looked at her husband and exclaimed, "Why, Arthur, where is your hat?" "By jove," he said, "I've forgotten it!" So back to his house we had to go for the silk hat.

* * *

Arthur Meighen had probably the keenest intellect of any man of his generation to sit in the House. It was said that he was the only man who had mastered the new Railway Act amalgamating the different transcontinental lines. It is an interesting but a most intricate piece of legislation. However, Meighen, without referring to the text, could explain, quote, or talk for lengthy periods on any part of it, which was more than any other lawyer in the House could do.

He was, in my opinion, a far abler man than the late Mackenzie King, but he did not possess the political acumen of the latter, and, as a politician, fell far short of King in his ability to win elections. He had another serious

fault which Bennett also shared: he left little for his lieutenants to do. Also, he was too quick to jump into a debate and frequently took the leading part when it would have been preferable for him to allow some of his lieutenants to carry on under fire, thus giving them a chance to test their metal.

The first time I met the late W. L. Mackenzie King was when he visited Prince Edward Island after becoming leader of the Liberal Opposition. He had been offered the Liberal nomination for Prince County and a large meeting took place in Summerside to which I was invited and honoured with a seat on the platform.

Mr. King was accompanied by Hance Logan, then a prominent member of the House of Commons. A Summerside paper had poked fun at Mr. King for having been in the United States and absent from Canada while the First World War was being waged. It was a criticism that could and should have been brushed off with a few words. But Mr. King devoted 50 minutes of his 75-minute speech to answering the criticism during which time he went into many details concerning his family history. I confess that I felt rather uncomfortable for his long and needless defense of his absence from Canada bored me extremely.

His candidature was not received with any great amount of enthusiasm by the electorate. He was not known to the people and many did not like the idea of his coming to take a seat away from a native son. Some of the prominent Liberals were so angry that they came to me and asked me to contest the seat. My own Party was also eager to offer opposition.

But I was not anxious to run. I had been in the local Legislature for 15 years. I had contested five elections and had given a great deal of my time and energy to politics. Moreover, as Premier, I had been obliged to live in Charlottetown with the result that my law practice had suffered.

I therefore wrote Mr. Meighen and explained my situation fully. He advised letting Mr. King have the seat by acclamation. That settled the matter and no opposition was offered the Liberal leader.

It would be presumptuous for me to say that I could have beaten Mr. King. I feel certain, however. that, had I run against him, his majority, assuming he were elected, would have been small. For I had never been defeated. I had increased my majority in each successive election, and there were 10.000 Acadians in the County, most of whom were my personal friends. It is to be remembered that Mr. King was not then known on the Island and that there was a Conservative Government in power.

* * *

Although I knew the late Lord Bennett when he was Prime Minister of Canada, my acquaintance with him was not an intimate one. But prominent members of his Party have told me that he antagonized some of his best friends and supporters. He was Premier during trying times and his conscientious efforts to husband the country's resources caused him frequently to deny grants to many constituencies which had sent him supporters at Ottawa. Those denials cost him heavily in moral and political support. In 1930, the Conservatives had a fine organization which was largely responsible for Bennett's vict-

ory. But after he was elected, he allowed the organization to fall apart whereas Mr. King and the Liberal Party continued to build theirs up. Bennett therefore faced a different situation when he came to the country in 1935 and he was soundly defeated.

* * *

Of all the members of the Borden Cabinet, I knew Colonel Sam Hughes best. I had the honour to have many conferences with him and with his very active Deputy, Colonel, afterwards General, Fiset, who later became Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec.

The late Sir Sam Hughes (for he was afterwards knighted) was always most kind and considerate to me and I never had any trouble in getting to see him. I remember going to his office one day and being told by his secretary that Sir Sam was in conference with a very important person. The secretary said, however, that he would take my card in. Within a minute or two, Sir Sam came out and said, "Look here, Arsenault, I have Sir Blank in there but he is a nuisance. I'll get clear of him as soon as I can." Sure enough, it was only a few minutes before the visitor left. The distinguished person had been in looking for political patronage.

* * *

Sir Sam was an Orangeman and high in the councils of the Order. On one occasion, he invited Mr. Mathieson, John MacLean, myself, and a few others to have some refreshments at the "Boozorium" of the House of Commons. There were two, the big and the small. The small one, to which Sir Sam took us, was semi-private. Sir Sam never drank any alcoholic liquor himself. During this sitting some one happened to mention

the Orange Order. "The Orange Order", said Sir Sam, "is a great Order, a magnificent Order. You can use it for any damn thing you like."

One night I wished to hear an important debate in the House of Commons. The Commons Gallery was filled. I went to the Senate Gallery, but it, too, was filled. As I stood back of the seats, Sir Sam came along; he was in full evening dress and was evidently going to some function. "What's wrong, Arsenault," he said, "can't you get a seat? Follow me." And with that, he took me to the front and seated me between two ladies I did not know them, but in the conversation that followed I discovered that one was Mrs. Rogers, wife of the Minister of Public Works, and that the other was another Minister's wife.

* * *

A civilian rifle club had been organized at this time in Summerside under certain provisions of the Military Act. It was not a military organization, but the Militia Department had built the butts and had supplied the rifles and the ammunition. The range overlooked the harbour. During rifle practice one day, a lady visitor was enjoying a motor-boat trip in the harbor when a rifle bullet ricocheted on the water and struck her in the lower back passing through her body. Strangely enough, the bullet had hit no vital organ and after a few months in the hospital she had recovered.

Permission to sue the Militia Department was granted and our law firm entered an action. The case was tried before a judge and jury and a substantial verdict was returned. On appeal, the verdict was reversed. Rather than appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada,

my partner and I decided that, as I had to go to Ottawa on other business, I would take the case direct to the Minister, Sir Sam Hughes.

* * *

Before discussing the case with him, I talked it over with the Military Advocate who said that he doubted the soundness of the judgment of the Court of Appeal and advised me to place the whole question frankly before the Minister.

Sir Sam listened quietly for a time as I was presenting my brief to him, then began to argue adversely. I, in my turn, listened just as quietly to him for a few moments and then said to him. "Sir Sam, you no doubt know a great deal more about military matters than I do, but if you'll excuse me for saying so, Sir, you don't know a damned thing about law." He laughed heartily and replied, "Look here, Arsenault, I have great sympathy for this unfortunate woman who suffered and was put to so much expense through this accident. Of course, in view of the decision of your Court of Appeal, we can't recognize any legal claim. But I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll submit a claim to the Government on compassionate grounds. Will that satisfy you?" I knew Sir Sam, and I consented. The result of my trust in him was well repaid: the settlement was most satisfactory.

* * *

After this last meeting with him, we lost contact with each other for several years. In the meantime, I learned that he was in poor health and obliged to resign from the Government.

I went to Ottawa early in 1921 and one day, while talking to some friends in the lobby of my

hotel, saw a man shuffling toward us. He was almost a shadow, gaunt and grey, with his clothes fitting him as clothes fit a rack. It was my old friend, Sir Sam. The shock of the contrast between the man whom I had known with his splendid physique and boisterous laugh and the human scarecrow before me, almost unnerved me. He died shortly afterwards — one of the finest men I've ever known.

As A Member of The Provincial House

During my years in the Provincial Parliament there were two questions that gave us some concern. One was the allowing of automobiles on our public highways; the other was the leasing of barren oyster beds.

A statute had been passed during the Haszard regime which prohibited automobiles from running on the streets and public highways of the Province. That was in the year 1909. So far as I remember. only three members in the House voted against the Bill: Mr. J. A. Mathieson, Mr. A. J. MacDonald, Georgetown, and myself.

After the Mathieson Government came to power, the automobile question once more came to the fore and, at the session of 1913, a Bill was passed vesting in the Government certain powers respecting the opening of streets and highways to automobile traffic. Owing to the opposition of certain members of the Government, the Bill was allowed to remain dormant for some time, but finally it was decided to call a plebiscite on the question. The plebiscite was called, I might say, against the better judgment of the majority of the Government members. It went strongly against opening up the highways.

Some time later, on the strong representation of citizens who wished to purchase motor cars, the Government decided that, on the petition of 75 per cent of the electors residing on certain highways, those highways would be opened to motor traffic on certain days of the week. The number of petitions grew, and as a result several highways were open to motor cars three days a week. The Fourth District of Prince, known as the Bedeque District, was bitterly opposed to motor-car traffic and a delegation of twenty of the more prominent men from that District waited on the Government to protest against the opening of any roads in their District. Within a few years, after the opening of all roads, practically every member of that delegation owned a motor-car thus bringing to pass the prediction made by Premier Mathieson when the delegation waited on him.

In September, 1919, I, as Premier, had an Order-in-Council passed by the members of my Government which opened all the roads in the Province to motor traffic every day subject only to the restrictions imposed by the Motor Vehicle Act.

* * *

Opposition to motor cars had been fostered by the Liberal members of the House who found it good election material. I remember attending a political meeting at Cove Head in 1915 at which a prominent Charlottetown citizen was present. After the candidate had spoken, this man was called upon and he made a vicious attack on the Government for having opened the roads. As that district was strongly opposed to allowing motor vehicles in the Province, this man was loudly cheered.

In the fall of 1917, there was some function at St. Peter's which a number of Charlottetown's citizens attended in motor cars. One road leading to St. Peter's was open to auto traffic; the other, and shorter one, which passed through Cove Head, was closed. Coming back late at night, those Charlottetown motorists, thinking it would be safe to take the shorter road, did so. But the lads in the Cove Head district had anticipated that very thing and had taken hay-mower scythes, lashed them to planks, and covered them with sand in the road tracks. The first two or three cars that passed had their tires shredded. Among the victims of the Cove Head boys' strategy was the very Charlottetown citizen who had been so vociferous against automobiles at the Cove Head meeting.

* * *

I was then Premier. The day after the tire-cutting episode, I was waited on by a delegation of auto owners headed by the vociferous Charlottetown man who had received such cheers at the Cove Head meeting. He was the speaker for the delegation and lost no time in telling me that the delegation wanted me to have the culprits discovered and punished. I told them I was sorry for their misfortune and would endeavour to find who the guilty persons were. But I could not resist the temptation of telling the chairman of the delegation that I had not forgotten his Cove Head speech and that Nemesis had apparently caught up with him.

I engaged a detective who was not long in finding out who most of the guilty persons were. But by this time the indignation had pretty well subsided and I decided to let the whole matter drop.

Among the roads which were open for certain days in the week was one which ran through one part of my electoral district. According to the law of those days, I had to stand for re-election when I became Premier. About ten days before the election date, an accident happened in that part of the district in which a wagon was broken on the road as the result of the horse being frightened by a passing car.

* * *

Immediately after the accident both polls in that district which were strongly Conservative, held indignation meetings at which resolutions were passed to the effect that if the road where the accident occurred was not closed to auto traffic before the election, all the Conservatives in that district would vote against me. A delegation was appointed to wait upon me, and two days before the election they delivered their ultimatum in my office.

I was very indignant, especially because those polls were French. For the first time in Acadian history, I told them, they had an opportunity to elect one of their own as Premier of a Province. I told them that I was heartily ashamed of them for their lack of patriotism toward one of their own. I said that if they had done their duty as they had heretofore done and waited until after the election and then brought their complaint, that I would have given it all the consideration in my power. But no; they thought they could come just before the election and by holding a big stick over my head, force me to do their will. I told them the road would not be closed and that they could go home and defeat me if they wished.

They left me in a rather ashamed manner and on election day these polls gave me a bigger majority than ever.

* * *

Under Liberal Governments, certain small areas had been leased to favoured persons for oyster culture. In years past our natural oyster beds had been productive of a considerable revenue for fishermen. In the late 80's as many as 55,000 barrels had been shipped from the Island in one season (those were three-bushel barrels) and the Malpeque oyster had won the gold medal at the Paris Exposition, but over fishing and the coming of the star fish into Malpeque Bay had so depleted the natural beds that few oysters were being taken in that locality. Our policy was not to lease any live bottom, that is any area where oysters still grew.

Here again was another opportunity for our enemies to make political capital out of a situation which we were looking after in the interests of the fishermen. Our policy was so grossly misrepresented by the Opposition that the fishing areas, and especially many of the people in Lots 14 and 18, were practically up in arms.

An indignation meeting was called at Malpeque. I heard of it, and though not invited, decided to attend.

On the way to the meeting, I called at a friend's house. He tried to dissuade me from attending by telling me that the feeling against the Government and myself was so strong, he was afraid I might be mobbed. I told him that we were living in a civilized country, that the people of Lot 18 were law abiding, and that I had no fear of anything happening to me. Seeing that I was determined, the owner of the house and other

friends of his who were there when I called, said they would go with me. On the way we called at another house and again I was urged to stay away from the meeting. I said I had made up my mind to attend the meeting and the men in that house joined our party.

* * *

The meeting-house was crowded to the doors. People were there from miles around. I took a seat in the audience and, after a chairman had been appointed and had called the meeting to order, he began by saying: "I see that our representative, Mr. Arsenault, is present, and I shall now call upon him to address us." I replied by saying that I had heard of the meeting and had come to hear their grievances. If I should consider it necessary to speak, I said, I would do so after all the grievances, or the alleged grievances, had been expressed.

They went at it hammer and tongs. Even the automobile question was brought up. There was no lack of speeches. One man had hardly sat down before another was on his feet. The Government was roundly abused and I got my full share of it. The meeting went on for hours until everyone had had their say. Finally the time came when they ran out of abuse and speakers and the chairman called on me.

I spoke for about a quarter of an hour. I showed that many of the statements made were not founded on fact but were false and had been made for the purpose of creating dissatisfaction and prejudice against the Government and myself as their member. I received a courteous hearing and, when I sat down. got some applause which I certainly did not expect. I do

not claim that the peaceful ending of the meeting was the result of anything I had said. It was rather that those people had aired their grievances, had gotten a lot of stuff off their chests, and now felt much better. I left the meeting arm in arm with the convener of the meeting. I heard nothing more about the oyster question until about a year later, just before the election was held.

Our political meetings in those days were joint meetings. My colleagues and I with our opponents went through the campaign without anything being said about oyster leases until the Grand River, Lot 14, meeting. Then, one of our opponents made a slashing onslaught against the Government and myself on this question of leasing oyster beds. I was the next speaker and ended my speech without making any reference to my opponent's attack upon our oyster policy and without referring to the oyster question in any way.

As I was about to sit down, a man in the back of the hall yelled, "What about oysters? Tell us about the oyster leases." Turning to the chairman, I said, "My time is up, sir, but if the audience wants to know about oyster leases, and I am given further time, I will be glad to tell you something about oyster leases." From the back of the hall came, "Go ahead, take all the time you want."

"Gentlemen," I began, "you heard the attack made upon me by the last speaker. He wept tears for you poor fishermen whom the Government has deprived of a living by leasing to individuals so called the live oyster bottom of our waters. Now, would it surprise you to learn that, under a former Government, this same

gentleman, his brothers, sisters, his uncles and his aunts, all got leases of some of the best oyster bottom in the Grand River." "That's a lie!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Is it?" I replied, as I plunged a hand into an inside coat pocket and pulled out copies of half a dozen leases issued to himself, his brothers, his uncles and his aunts.

It is scarcely necessary to say that my opponent was flabbergasted; he gaped; turned all colours; and never again that evening as much as opened his mouth.

After the meeting, my colleague pulled me aside and asked how I came to be prepared with such damning proof in my pocket of the truth of my statements. I told him that a good mechanic never went to work without his tools, that I had anticipated my opponent's attack, and had decided to be prepared to meet it. Our opponent knew that the oyster question was a dead issue in Malpeque, but had thought he might do something with it in Lot 14. He did, but not with the result he had expected.

* * *

Many men enter political life either for the honour of being elected or for the purpose of helping out their party, and once elected make no serious attempt to study the problems which they have to consider in the Legislature. They become automatons and blindly vote for whatever measures their leaders bring to the attention of the House. Public life is a profession like any other and representatives who do not seriously study the history of their country are of little value except as voting machines.

When I entered the House in 1908, our leader, Mr. J. A. Mathieson, urged upon us who were his

followers the necessity of reading and studying the political history of Prince Edward Island from the time the Island became a separate Colony. For this purpose, he recommended the reading of the old Journals of the House as well as the debates that had taken place during that time. There were only a few of us who took his advice. We were also advised to study parliamentary procedure and the few again who took the advice seriously were coached on the subject by Mr. A. J. MacDonald who represented Georgetown and who had sat in Parliament for over half a century and was familiar with our ancient procedure.

* * *

I have known some of my colleagues on both sides of the House who, after sitting in the House for ten years, could not introduce a Bill in the House without having the printed instructions before them. In fact, one of them afterwards became Premier and had to be coached by the Clerk of the House when a question of procedure came before him. I need scarcely say that many sitting members find themselves in the same predicament today.

The Mathieson Government did well in its first five years of office. It had our claim for additional subsidy recognized at Ottawa, and that in the face of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's pronouncement that our claims for further subsidy had been settled for all time. It is said that when a member of the House of Commons, referring to the Island's persistent requests for more subsidy, asked Sir Wilfrid: "What will you do if they come back?", the Liberal chieftain had replied, "They will find the door closed and locked." It was to get this door open once more

that we had gone to Ottawa in 1912 where we had succeeded in convincing Sir Robert Borden that we were entitled to more subsidy, with the result that an additional yearly amount of $100,000 had been granted us.

* * *

It was also during those years that the Provincial Agricultural Department was re-organized and that subsidies for our agricultural industry were obtained. We also secured a new telegraph and telephone cable across Northumberland Strait. We obtained a publicity agent for the Province in the person of the late J. E. B. McCready and had his services paid for by the Federal Government. We obtained a grant of $25,000 for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the meeting of the Fathers of Confederation in Charlottetown in 1864. Unfortunately, owing to the outbreak of World War I, the celebration had to be abandoned, but we were allowed to retain the grant. All we were able to do respecting the celebration was to erect a plaque in the Confederation Chamber commemorating the event.

It may be interesting here to set out an explanation of the tablet which was prepared by Mr. H. R. Stewart. It is as follows:

The crests of the uniting Provinces are shown in each corner, Ontario and Quebec being at the top left and right respectively, and at the bottom Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, left and right.

The names of the delegates appear in the margin and at the top centre the Arms of England —on a keystone—are resting on the folds of the Union Jack and at the bottom centre the Cana-

dian Arms. At the right the herald is announcing the event and the inscription is the King's Englosh in excellent form. The line which reads "Providence being their Guide" comes from Milton's Paradise Lost and "They builded better than they knew" comes from Emmerson—old and new world writers who lived centuries apart, yet in combination their words describe accurately the Conference.

The trees in the centre represent the large oak of England and the small tree the colony of Prince Edward Island, the Latin inscription reading "Parva sub Ingenti"—Small under Great. The crest was designed and used at the time governments was first set up in Prince Edward Island —then the Island of St. John— following the conquest.

On the left of the tablet are five statesmen from the Provinces concerned and being from left to right respectively: Sir John A. Macdonald from Ontario or Upper Canada; Sir Georges Cartier from Quebec or Lower Canada; Sir Leonard Tilley from New Brunswick; Colonel John Hamilton Gray from Prince Edward Island and Sir Charles Tupper from Nova Scotia. The heads are portrait heads.

At Tupper's feet are a pick axe and a fish, representing the basic industries of his native Province of Nova Scotia—mining and fishing. As perhaps the finest orator of the group he is shown as if pointing to the words "Unity is strength."

* * *

Colonel Gray was chairman of the Charlottetown Conference and he holds the Roman symbol of unity—the Facis—four staves bound together, four Provinces united through the medium of

the Conference of which he was chairman—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario.

At the time of the Charlottetown Conference the American Civil War was raging and the entire Atlantic seaboard was insecure. The Provinces were seeking union and Downing Street was uring it.

In the spring of 1864 -resolu tions had been passed in the Legislatures of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island advocating a Conference and Charlottetown was selected, in much the same way as the nations now go to Geneva. Charlottetown was the small and almost neutral centre.

Sir Leonard Tilley holds a scroll, on which appears the word "Dominion", for according to a tradition he quoted the Scriptures somewhat to the effect "Thy Dominion shall extend from sea to sea and unto the rivers end." From the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the St. Lawrence to the McKenzie Canada extends.

Sir Georges Cartier holds a torch and the sword of justice—symbolic of the fact that his great professional achievement as a lawyer was the recoding of the laws of his native Province.

Sir John Macdonald holds the symbol of medicine—the winger serpents—and even as Moses held before the gaze of the children of Israel the brazen serpent and the children were healed, so did Sir John hold before the people of Canada the ideal of union. At Sir John's feet are a scythe, a sheaf of wheat and a locomotive, which remind us that as the rails went down Manitoba joined the union, British Columbia became a Province, the great unsettled prairies were populated.

the wheat was sown, then came the harvest, followed by development and prosperity.

* * *

The placing of this plaque marked what really constituted the changing over of the former Legislative Council Room into the Confederation Chamber. To Mr. R. H. Stewart, then in the employ of the Provincial Government, goes the honour of having arranged the Chamber into the form it still has today, though some slight alterations were made by Mr. William Bradley since then. It is one of our most interesting show places and is yearly visited by thousands of people. The Chamber is the only relic in Canada of Confederation, except the table on which the Confederation Pact was signed. That table is in Regina, Saskatchewan.

The Chamber, however, contains the tables around which the Fathers of Confederation gathered and the very chairs upon which they sat. Around the walls are the photographs of all the Lieutenant-Governors before and since Confederation, as well as the photographs of the different Premiers. There are many original documents of great historical value stored in glass cases.

* * *

Our first and only Governor—for all the others have been Lieutenant-Governors — was Walter Patterson. He had a daughter, Margaret, who in 1791 married a Dr. Alexander Gordon, then stationed in the Province as a surgeon. They had several children, the youngest of whom was named Margaret after her mother. She was baptized in St. Paul's Anglican Church in Charlottetown on September 23, 1799, and her baptism can still be seen in the parish register.

Dr. Gordon got into financial difficulties here and in 1800 removed to Halifax where he had been appointed to a position in the Army, a position which he later lost. Practically penniless, he embarked for Scotland early in 1803 at the invitation of his sister. His two youngest daughters went with him. On the way across the ocean Dr. Gordon died but the two young girls arrived safely in Scotland where they were received by their aunt who was the widow of the Rev. John Usher who had been pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Scotland. Both of the girls were adopted by Mrs. Usher. She succeeded in obtaining a small allowance from the Government to educate the two girls since her own small pension was wholly inadequate to care for the three women.

Margaret received a good education. She was an apt pupil and delighted in her studies. In 1818 she met a friend of her teacher. The friend's name was Thomas Carlyle. Margaret was then nineteen. She was beautiful and accomplished. She had deep blue eyes, fair hair, and a beautiful figure. She was graceful and animated. Carlyle fell in love with her and soon became a frequent visitor to her aunt's home.

At this time, Carlyle was an unknown scribbler and Margaret's aunt could see no future or happiness for her adopted daughter in marrying a poor schoolmaster and soon Carlyle realized his visits were not being welcomed. He therefore abandoned his suit and Margaret later married Alexander Bannerman, a wealthy Scotch trader. Bannerman was elected to the House of Commons but through a series of unfortunate circumstances, lost his money and

eventually accepted the office of Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island. And so, some fifty years after she had left Prince Edward Island as a penniless child, Margaret Gordon returned as the first lady of the land.

Meanwhile, Carlyle went on to become one of the giants of English literature. "Blumine" is the heroine in his "Sartor Resartus" as all the English-speaking world knows. Few know, however, that she was drawn from life and that the original was Margaret Gordon.

About the year 1913, the Prince Edward Island Government found itself short of office space and Premier J. A. Mathieson proposed that the Legislative Assembly room be converted into offices. He brought the matter up before the Council and I strenuously opposed the idea but the majority of the Council approved it. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Charles Dalton, then a member of the House, offered the Government a considerable sum of money to build a Sanatorium for tuberculosis patients. The Government accepted the offer and secured the services of a distinguished architect to advise on plans for the building. While the architect was in Charlottetown, Mr. Mathieson brought him to the Council Chamber and told him what he proposed to do with it. He then asked the architect's opinion on the best way to convert the Chamber into offices. The architect, impressed with the beauty of the Chamber, asked its history. When told, he said he would have nothing to do with desecrating such a noble room into offices. That ended the proposed scheme of alterations and the Council heard no more about it.

Up to that time, the Chamber had been used for no other pur-

pose than as a meeting place for the Council and as an office for the Assistant Provincial Secretary-Treasurer, so that its great historical associations had been more or less forgotten. It was not until 1914, when it was proposed to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the 1864 meeting, that it was decided to set it aside as a Confederation Chamber.

* * *

I said that it was generally considered that the Mathieson Government had done many good things in its first five years of office and that the Provincial Government felt it had been fairly well treated by the Federal Government at Ottawa. When the House was therefore dissolved in 1915 as a preliminary to appealing to the electorate, we had every confidence in being returned to power. To our surprise and disappointment, however, the 26 majority which we had in coming into office in 1912 was cut down to two.

If we were disappointed, Ottawa was astounded. It was justly felt by the Federal Government that Prince Edward Island had been generously treated and that the people of the Province should have shown their appreciation by returning the Government with a much larger majority. Unfortunately, one of our Federal members tactlessly laid the blame for our defeat on the Government at Ottawa. His unjust statements were bitterly resented by the members of Borden's Cabinet so that when, later, some of us went to Ottawa on Government business, we found the atmosphere somewhat chilly.

* * *

Perhaps this is as good a place as any to pay tribute to J. A. Mathieson, who was Premier from 1912 to 1917 when he became

Chief Justice of the Province. He was a man who had made a deep and intense study of political and historical matters pertaining not only to his own Province but to the rest of Canada. He had a gift for research and if he did not have at his hand the information which he might want concerning a question, he always knew where to get it.

During our years in the House and on the Bench we were very close friends. Whatever knowledge I acquired of Dominion and Provincial affairs, I owe to him. He had been one of our most successful teachers and he had the ability to impart his great knowledge clearly and vigorously.

As a member of the Opposition, he was a fighter and a doughty opponent. Moreover, he was resourceful and possesssed a bulldog tenacity. Sometimes it occurred to me in the House that he carried this tenacity of purpose too far, but I had to admit it brought results when nothing else would likely have done so. He was a constant source of annoyance to the Leader of the Government for Mr. Mathieson's arguments were often so logical and so convincingly expressed that members of the Government often became wobbly, thus threatening the life of the Government.

He was highly regarded at Ottawa and at the inter-Provincial Conference he made a marked impression on the delegates from the other Provinces. As a parliamentarian and as a jurist he stands high among those who have distinguished themselves in this Province.

* * *

The Liberal Opposition, after the election of 1915, was not only strong but aggressive. Mr. J. H. Bell, however, was not a strong

leader. He was long-winded and rather prosy. Mr. Lea and Mr. Johnston, on the other hand, were formidable opponents. For years, there had been bad blood between Mathieson and Johnston. The latter had started out in life as a Conservative, but some difficulties had arisen between him and Mr. Mathieson, and he had left the Conservative Party and had joined the Liberals. The feud between them soon became manifest in the House. Mr. Johnston missed no opportunity to antagonize the Premier and the Premier in his turn was not slow to take offense so that the House often became so disorderly that after recess Mr. Mathieson would often make the excuse of being engaged in his office and would ask me to lead the House in the interim and try to pacify Mr. Johnston. As Mr. Johnston and I were good friends, I seldom had any trouble in restoring order and when things became calm once more, the Premier would return to his seat.

When he resigned in 1917 to become Chief Justice, he, as was his prerogative, asked the Lieutenant-Governor to swear me in as Leader of the Government. Accordingly, I became Premier, President of the Council, and Attorney-General.

With Mr. Mathieson gone, the debating power of the House was greatly lessened. His seat in the House was filled by Mr. J. D. Stewart, a man of marked ability, who later became Premier. At that time, however, Mr. Stewart, being new to the House, was reluctant to take a prominent part in the debates of the House. Since it was war-time, political arguments were cut to a minimum so that the work of the Legislature went along without too much wrangling.

It was during this time that the Prohibition Act, which had been passed while Mr. Mathieson was Premier, went into effect. Personally, I had always been opposed on general principles to such types of legislation. I believed, as I believe still, that such an Act constituted an invasion of the individual's personal freedom. It was true that there was an abuse in the use of alcoholic liquors, but I have always believed that because some people abuse certain things that are made for man's use and enjoyment, that is no reason why everyone should be deprived of the use of such things.

There are persons who are allergic to certain foods such as eggs, meats, certain fruits, etc., but no one contends that those who can eat those foods to the improvement of their health and strength should be forbidden their use because a few become ill when they eat them.

There are persons, but they are a small minority, who are allergic to alcohol; it makes them sick; or the craving for it from some pathological cause becomes a disease. Such persons should avoid the use of alcohol just as they should avoid certain foods that do not agree with them.

* * *

In many parts of Europe, children are taught the proper use of alcoholic liquor and in such countries it is an exceptional occurrence to see anyone under the influence of it. In France, I have frequently seen the father, mother, and the children of a home all sitting at the family dinner table with the children drinking wine or beer with their parents. The children have learned the proper use of those drinks because in many parts of Europe

water is rarely drunk at meals. Tea or coffee are generally drunk at breakfast or at tea time.

It has always been my contention that true freedom consists in the individual doing what he likes, when he likes, provided that in so doing he does not break the moral law nor interferes with the rights or privileges of others.

Prohibition, wherever it has been tried, has proven a curse rather than a blessing. It has brought in its wake smuggling, rum-running, high-jacking, illicit distilling, bootlegging, and other social evils. I travelled a great deal in the United States during the Prohibition era and I found that in nearly every place I went, both North and South, no higher compliment could be paid you than to offer you some liquor.

After I became Premier, the Prohibition Act was put into effect, much, I might say, against my personal judgment. Shortly afterwards, a delegation from the P. E. Island Temperance Federation waited on me and congratulated me on having put the Act into effect. The delegation assured me that my work in the cause of temperance would redound to my favour at the next election Well, I happened to attend a certain political meeting during the ensuing election. Seated on the platform was a member of the delegation who had waited on me. The appreciation I received from him for my work in the cause of temperance was a continual interruption during my speech.

In the legislation which brought the Prohibition Act into full force, I appended a proviso that called for the holding of a plebiscite within a certain time to ascertain the will of the people as to whether or not they wished the continuance of the Act.

However, my Government went out of power before the time arrived for the holding of the plebiscite and Mr. Bell, who succeeded me, ignored the law in this respect and did not hold the plebiscite. The electors of the Province never had an opportunity of expressing their independent opinion on the question until a plebiscite was held three years ago by the Jones Government.

It is true plebiscites were held under the Stewart and Saunders Governments but both were influenced by political expediencies. When the Stewart Government went to the country and made the repeal of the Prohibition Act a plank in its platform, the Temperance Alliance and the bootleggers joined forces with the Liberals to defeat the Government. The plebiscite held by the Saunders Government was likewise not an independent expression of opinion. That Government had been elected largely because of its stand on the Prohibition question and so many Liberals supported Prohibition for that reason. The Temperance Alliance stumped the Province for the Saunders Government while many Conservatives refrained from voting.

In my twenty-five years on the Bench, and during the time Prohibition was in force in this Province, I had occasion to hear many appeals from Prohibition convictions made by Stipendiary Magistrates, and in some cases I have quashed the convictions.

It is a well known fact that magistrates in the performance of their duties, become acquainted with most of the bootleggers and require little if any evidence to convict them. However, in sitting on appeal in such cases, I always took the stand that since

Prohibition was a sumptuary law, there should be definite evidence to justify a conviction under that law. If there was no such evidence before me, I invariably dismissed the case.

But though I was not in sympathy with the Prohibition law, I had but little respect for the bootlegger and where I found definite proof, I upheld the conviction. In one case that came before me in appeal the only evidence was that a broken bottle had been found on the premises that smelt of moonshine. The magistrate convicted. In my oral judgment granting the appeal I paraphrased Moore's celebrated song:

"You may break, you may shatter
the vase if you will
"But the scent of the moonshine
will cling round it still."

* * *

Some years ago a prominent citizen of Alberta was in the habit of spending his vacations on the North Shore of the Island. At that time there was considerable rum-running off the Island coast and a very fine brand of rum aged in wood was readily available as the result of the smuggling. Some of his friends used to bring the Alberta vacationist an occasional bottle of this highly prized rum which he greatly relished. A few years later when the liquor laws of Alberta became more stringent, this man, with whom I had become well acquainted, wrote me a letter in which he denounced the liquor laws of his Province and ended by asking me to get him a cask, or if I could not get him a cask to send him at least a dozen bottles of the rum he had so much enjoyed while in Prince Edward Island. I replied by informing him that I had not as yet entered the profession of rum-running and that, in any

case, the good old rum which he had written about so enthusiastically was as extinct down here as the dodo and could not be had for love or money.

* * *

War time means strenuous work for the Premier of any Province so that I had my share. The Federal Government, after the election of 1917, had passed the Conscription Act and young men from all ranks of life were being called to join the Armed Forces. Tribunals had been set up in each Province to which those young men could apply for exemption.

Though those tribunals were as fair and impartial as it is humanly possible for such bodies to be, many persons were dissatisfied with their rulings and the result was that I had people, mostly the parents of those applying for exemption, in to see me from morning till night. I could do but little for them even if I were inclined to interfere with the judgment of the tribunals which, in most cases, I was not. I carried an especially heavy burden during harvest time. Many farmers' sons were in Halifax and other training centres, and I was constantly besieged by their parents to have those boys home to assist with the harvest.

The Federal Government had taken over the Dalton Sanatorium at North Wiltshire and it was being enlarged and other buildings added. It had also taken over Government House for a convalescent home and building operations were also being carried on there. These projects resulted in a constant stream of telegrams pouring into my office from Ottawa and Halifax. I could do little from 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. but interview people. From 4 p.m. to 6 p.m., I dictated my correspond-

ence, always heavy during those war years.

In addition, the affairs of the Government had to be attended to. It was no picnic. Moreover recruiting meetings were being held throughout the Province and in my role of Premier I had to attend many of them.

* * *

When Sir Robert Borden came to the Island just before the 1917 election, a meeting was held in Souris and a special train took him and his party from Charlottetown. On the return trip, dinner was served in a baggage car where tables had been set up. At my table there was a doctor from Summerside and an Island candidate for the House of Commons. The three of us were Catholics. The waiter came along and asked us whether we would have cold sliced chicken or canned salmon. Both the Doctor and I called for chicken. Our Federal candidate who remembered everything, exclaimed, "It's a fast day." Both the Doctor and I had forgotten that but we felt like blasting our well-informed friend for reminding us of it. To add to my disgust, I happened to turn around and saw at a nearby table a prominent Catholic clergyman hoeing into the chicken with gusto. He, of course, had forgotten also about the fast day but was more fortunate than us since he had no busybody to remind him of it.

* * *

I have always been of the opinion that the system of supplementing the teachers' salary by a levy on the different school districts was wrong. Every child, rich or poor, is entitled to the same opportunity for education. The system of levying from school districts is a discrimination since the richer districts can raise

more money for educational purposes than the poor ones and can therefore obtain the services of more and better teachers.

In the Session of 1919 I had enacted a Statute by which such monies would be raised by a general tax over the whole Province instead of being collected by the several districts. The Act was not to come into force until it had been approved by a plebiscite which was to be held at the same time as the general election. The Statute was not to apply to cities or incorporated towns.

The Liberals made this an issue, which it was not, as the results of the plebiscite were to have no bearing on the victory or defeat of the Government. But the Liberals raised a hue and cry against the Government and charged the Government with attempting to impose a tax on the Province that would be ruinous. That hue and cry went a long way toward defeating the Government.

Ironically enough, the Bell Government when it came into power appointed a Commission to inquire into the whole educational question, which Commission, in its report, advocated the very system of raising money for education that I had proposed and which the Liberals were responsible for defeating. Needless to say, the Bell Government paid no attention to its Commission's report.

* * *

Immediately after the defeat of my Government in 1919, and before turning over the reins of power to Mr. Bell, I had an Order-in-Council passed opening all roads of the Province to motor vehicles. This action took the automobile question out of politics and no more was ever heard of it. I recall an interesting incident

concerning the passing of this Order-in-Council. As I was coming out of the Council Chamber after having seen all the roads opened to motor traffic, I met an old and prominent Conservative supporter and told him what had taken place. He was a big dealer in agricultural implements and waggons, and was indignant at my action and said it would ruin the party.

"Mr. H.....," I said to him, "you are at present in the carriage business. But it will not be long before you will be selling more cars than you ever sold buggies." The dealer said, "That is a crazy idea which will never happen." But it did happen. Within a short time, his firm had a motor car agency and were making more money selling them than they had ever made selling the old-fashioned buggies.

* * *

My successor as Premier, the late John H. Bell, was slow in taking office and he did not do so until nearly two months had elapsed after the election. In the meantime we were to have a visit from the Prince of Wales and I urged Mr. Bell to take over so that his Government might prepare for the visit. He, however, demurred, and asked me to carry on. I was therefore still head of the Government when the Prince arrived.

As part of the reception, a luncheon was held in the Prince of Wales College. My seat was to be at a side table. Sir Robert Borden accompanied the Prince but could not leave the ship because of a sprained ankle. Chief Justice Mathieson, owing to the recent death of the Lieutenant-Governor, was Administrator and as such presided at the luncheon. Seating arrangements were made

so that Canada's Prime Minister would be placed at the immediate right of the Prince. The chair, because of Sir Robert's accident, was vacant when most of the party had taken their seats. A certain gentleman, a Senator, seeing the empty chair, presumed to occupy it. Within a matter of moments the Prince sent word to me that I was to occupy it. As I sat by him I could not but recall the information given in St. Luke chapter 14, verses 8-9-10-11.

After the King was toasted, I had to move the toast to the Prince, and as I started to rise, he patted me on the knee and said, "Let that soak a bit." His reply to the toast was his first speech in Canada and he appeared a little nervous.

His landing at the Marine Wharf had taken us by surprise. It is true a launch had been observed approaching the wharf but it had been taken for a dispatch boat since the Prince, who was under cover, could not be seen. A snap which I have shows Supreme Court Judges Fitzgerald and Hazzard, who were on the reception committee, with their backs to the Prince when he landed.

While we visited different places in the City I sat in a car with Sir Joseph Pope who was in charge of the Prince's tour. He always got into the car first from the left of the car and after having done this two or three times he turned to me and said, "You may wonder, Mr. Premier, why I always get in first. It is because you will then be sitting on the right which is the place of honour."

After the luncheon at Prince of Wales College, Mr. Reuben MacDonald of the Patriot came to me and asked why I had left my place at the table and taken a seat by

the Prince. I replied to him, "I did so by command."

At the first session of the Bell Government, a Bill was brought in which not only substantially increased all existing taxes but introduced new ones. In fact, Mr. J. J. Johnston, the Attorney-General, candidly admitted that the Government was taxing everything "tangible and intangible."

In 1918, while I was Premier, I received notice from the Bank of Montreal that the interest on our overdraft would be raised one per cent. Such an increase did not involve a great deal of money but in those days we had to watch the dollars. With an income of less than $700,000 a year, a one-per-cent increase in our interest rate was something not to be lightly passed over.

As I had business in Ottawa, I resolved to stop off on my journey and call on the General Manager of the Bank of Montreal and discuss the interest rate with him.

Some time before making up my mind to call on Sir Frederick William Taylor, Mr. Fred Nash, the Editor of the Charlottetown Patriot, and a very good friend, had related an incident to me which had occurred when Sir Frederick's son had been killed overseas. Fred Nash's son had been in the same unit with this boy and had told the incident to his father upon his return from overseas.

The death of his son had been a great blow to Sir Frederick, and, during my conference with him, I told him the story as Fred Nash had told it to me. He then produced some souvenirs which his son had sent him before he was killed and spoke of him for some time. By this time, Sir Frederick was in a very mellow mood. Turning to me, he said,

"Mr. Arsenault, we have raised our rate of interest with all other Governments, but I am a Maritimer and have a soft place in my heart for little Prince Edward Island and your financial difficulties. Just don't think any more about it; we shall let the interest stand as it is. But don't mention it, as it might raise difficulties with other Governments whose interest rate we have also raised."

* * *

On this trip to Ottawa, I had been accompanied by the Reverend Doctor P. C. Gauthier (now deceased), an Island priest who was then President of the Prince Edward Island Farmers' Association. Dr. Gauthier was on his way to attend an agricultural conference in Ottawa at which Hon. W. R. Motherwell, Minister of Agriculture, presided.

In order to help pass the time on the train going to Ottawa, I had told Dr. Gauthier the story about Father Doyle who was the beloved pastor of Vernon River On a hot July day, Father Doyle had been out on a sick call. He had been forced to walk because his horse was being used at the time by the hired man. On his way back from the call, a man with a horse and buggy overtook Father Doyle and gave the priest a drive. They started to talk and Father Doyle said, "I know a great many people in this neighborhood, but I am sure I never saw you before. Would you mind telling me your name?" "My name is Murphy, Father," the man said, "and I'm a Protestant."

"Oh, that's all right," Father Doyle replied, "I have a lot of friends, and many of them, especially in Charlottetown and Summerside, are Protestants and I think none the less of them."

When they arrived in front of

the parochial house, Father Doyle got out and, turning to his new acquaintance, said: "It has been very good of you to give me a drive on this hot day and I don't know how to thank you. But perhaps as some slight token of my appreciation for the drive, I might be able to tell you something which may help you. It is this. You, as I, are getting along in years. It cannot be so many years away when you will have to say good-bye to this world and when you have to stand in front of St. Peter at the gates which open to Paradise, he will say to you, 'My good man, what might be your name?' My advice to you is that you just say 'Murphy' and stop at that!"

* * *

Dr. Gauthier made a fine impression at the conference when he told the gathering of the pioneer work that had been done in Prince Edward Island with respect to the organization of egg circles and of the great benefit that had accrued from the circles since the Island eggs now sold readily on the Montreal market on their reputation alone.

At a luncheon given to the delegates, there were several speeches, and among the speakers was a Mr. O'Donahue from Ontario. He, too, spoke of the progressive spirit of Prince Edward Island and ended by saying. "It is remarkable that the Province of Quebec, being an agricultural Province, should purchase so many eggs from Prince Edward Island. But Quebec is Catholic and as such observes fast days and Fridays on which no meat is eaten, and that, no doubt, explains the reason for her large egg consumption. I, myself, am a Protestant, but I always observe Friday."

Dr. Gauthier, who was the next speaker, opened his speech by saying: "What Mr. O'Donahue said just now about being a Protestant but always observing Friday, reminds me of a story told me by the Premier of Prince Edward Island on the way up here." Then he proceeded to tell them the story of Father Doyle and Mr. Murphy and ended up by saying that when Mr. O'Donahue met St. Peter at the gates he had better just tell the Saint that his name was O'Donahue and let it go at that.

Father Doyle was a jolly fat Irishman who was everybody's friend, and counted his own by the thousands. He had been parish priest in Summerside and in Kinkora before going to Vernon River. He was a great story-teller and loved to tell some at his own expense.

He was driving one day by Fort Augustus and came to McGuirk's Corner where Michael (commonly known as Mickey) McGuirk lived. Mickey had recently built a new chimney which went up one end-corner of the house to the eave, then along the eave to the top of the roof so that it formed an angle. Mickey was out in the yard splitting wood and Father Doyle, who knew Mickey well, stopped, and after inquiring about his health, said, "Mickey, does your chimney draw?" "Sure, Father, it does," said Mickey. "It draws the attention of every damn fool that passes this way."

* * *

In Father Doyle's parish there was a widow whom I shall call Mrs. Mulcahy (that was not her name). She had raised a pig and, thinking very much of Father Doyle and almost as much of her pig, she had called it "Doyle." The pig had a habit when hungry of

knocking on the door with his snout. Hearing a knock one day, she sang out, "Get away from that door, Doyle. It's not your feeding time and the divil the bite you'll get now, so git away from that door."

Father Doyle walked in and the widow was so flabbergasted that she couldn't speak. "It's all right, Bridget," the priest said, "I'm thirsty, and I just called for a glass of milk."

Off went the widow and returned with a whole pail of milk. "Now, now," the priest said, "why spoil a good pail of milk? I just want a glass of it." The widow, still flustered, passed the pail to Father Doyle and said, "Take it, Father Doyle, take it. I'll only have to give it to Doyle anyway."

While Father Doyle was pastor in Summerside, the old Presbyterian Church building got past its usefulness and its members decided to tear it down and build a new one. More for a joke than for a subscription, the solicitors met Father Doyle on the street one day and told him they were going to tear down the old church and build a new one. "We know," they said, "how interested you are in religion, Father Doyle, and we want you to help us out." "Well," replied Father Doyle, "it is against the tenets of my faith to propagate a Protestant religion. I can't help you to build your new Church, but here's ten dollars to help tear the old one down."

Milton Berle, the comedian, claims that there is no such thing as an original joke; he has a library of 25,000 of them. I am inclined to believe him for, the next day after writing the story about Father Doyle, I picked up the current issue of the Reader's Digest and read the same story about a Father Fitzpatrick.

It was in the days when Mr. Seaman was principal of Prince Street School. On an Empire Day he invited me to attend a concert given by the pupils and after the performance asked me to address them all. This I did by complimenting them on their entertainment. I said that I enjoyed being among children, that I had eleven of them at home and that as a Vice-Chancellor of the Court of Chancery, I had to look after the welfare of the lunatics, the widows and the orphans and as such I was acting as father to about one hundred orphans throughout the Province.

Among the pupils present that day was the young daughter of H. R. Stewart, then Deputy Secretary-Treasurer. She went home from school and was having her lunch with her father and mother. Usually Janet was talkative but this day she was silent. Her father asked her what she was thinking about. "Well," she said, "I was thinking about what Judge Arsenault told us today. Do you know Dad, Judge Arsenault is a very remarkable man. He has eleven children at home and he said that he was father to about 100 more scattered throughout the Island."

Janet had not appreciated the distinction between children and orphans!

When I sat at the table with my wife and eleven children I carved and served and by the time I had finished with the last one three or four of the first served were clamoring for a second portion, and I was fortunate if there was anything left for myself.

In the spring of 1921 Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of Prince Edward Island and Vice-Chancellor of the

Court of Chancery, unexpectedly died and, in the month of May, I was named to succeed him.

Judge Fitzgerald had been appointed to the Supreme Court in 1894 and so had sat for twenty-seven years. He had a distinguished career as a Judge. He was an indefatigable worker and was most meticulous and orderly in his work. He had indexed and had made a digest of each case tried by himself and his brother Judges during his twenty-seven years on the Bench. I found this digest of much value to me in my work. He had also consolidated the different Chancery Acts into one volume which is still in use in the administration of our Chancery jurisdiction.

He had been in great demand as a lecturer, and had prepared and delivered many lectures in various parts of the Province. He had done much valuable work during the First World War, had attended recruiting meetings, had heard applications for exemption under the Conscription Act, and had subscribed to as well as administered the Patriotic Fund, a fund raised to assist the wives and children of soldiers overseas.

* * *

I was sworn in at the June Term of the Supreme Court in Summerside before Chief Justice Mathieson. After being sworn, I was assigned to a couple of cases by the Chief Justice. I felt most uncomfortable at that time for below me sat W. A. O. Morson, K.C., as Clerk of the Court, the man to whom I had been articled twenty-eight years before.

Mr. Morson had been an able counsel, and no man at the Bar surpassed him in his knowledge of law. He had been in the Legislature with me in 1909, but he

could see no future for the Conservative Party and, when the office of Prothonotary and Clerk of the Court became vacant, he offered for and accepted the position. Had he waited just a few more years, he most likely would have been elevated to the Bench, a position for which he was eminently qualified. He and Mrs. Morson were always very kind to me, and I frequently, as a practicing barrister, later as Premier, and still later as Judge, had occasion to enjoy their hospitality, as well as that of Mrs. Hodgson and her sister, Miss DesBrisay. They all, together, made a very fine Christian family.

When I came to the Bench, I remember Justice Haszard saying to me, "Now, Arsenault, you are the junior Judge, and it is one of his duties to take the February Term of the Supreme Court in Georgetown." This winter term of the Georgetown Court was not favoured by the Judges. Not only was the train service poor, but at that time of the year it frequently happened that snowstorms stalled the train for days and often one had to spend the night on the train or at some way station along the road. It was possible for the Judge to be storm-stayed in Georgetown for days after the Court had been adjourned sine die.

In my later years on the Bench, I avoided such contretemps by chartering a plane in which the Attorney-General, the Clerk of the Court, the Court stenographer, and myself landed on Georgetown harbour ice within fifteen minutes after having left the Charlottetown Airport. I remember going to Georgetown by this means, doing whatever work there was to do, and returning to Charlottetown in time the same day for a late lunch.

In my twenty-five years as a Judge, I held Court in Georgetown at least once, and often twice a year. Yet in all those years I never had to sit on a criminal case there. This does not mean that no criminal cases were heard in Georgetown during that time, but merely that none of them happened to fall to me. King's County, however, at least in my experience, has been freer of crime than either of the two Counties, Prince and Queen's. King's County has a fine law-abiding class of citizens. The majority of them are of Scottish descent and have preserved the characteristics, customs, habits, and thrift of their ancestors.

* * *

During my career as a Judge, I had, on several occasions, young men before me who were convicted of crime of a more or less serious nature. But I am proud to say that on every occasion when I had found that they had no previous criminal record, I let the young men off with a suspended sentence with the consent of the Attorney-General when such consent was necessary. It is gratifying to me that not a single one of those young men ever appeared before the Court again.

A Judge assumes a grave responsibility when he sends a young man or young woman who has not previously erred to the Penitentiary. A young man, if committed to a penal institution, becomes branded; he is placed in company with hardened criminals; and, nine times out of ten, emerges from the penitentiary with a grudge against society smouldering within him. If there is any way of saving him from such a life, even at the risk of erring, then the Judge, in my opinion, should be prepared to take that

risk. My experience has been that the risks I have taken in such cases have more than justified my taking them.

There is another aspect of Court life I am glad to report, so far as my personal experiences have been concerned. I refer to litigation between relatives and neighbors. When such cases came before me, I invariably made it a practice to talk to the parties concerned and to their counsel. In almost all cases the lawyers were glad to co-operate with me and thus I was often able to effect an amicable adjustment of quarrels which otherwise might have gone on for generations.

It is not my intention to preach a sermon on the subject, but I cannot forbear saying that it is a serious matter to a settlement to have whole families and their relatives and friends embroiled in arguments and dissensions. A whole countryside can be drawn into such disagreements. In fact, I was always influenced in my judgments on such cases that I could not have settled out of Court by remembering what had happened in a certain village. That whole village had divided and taken sides in a quarrel between two families whom I shall call the Jones' and the Smiths'. Unfortunately, the pastor had arraigned himself with the Jones' and for the remainder of his stay in that village, the Smiths and their friends stayed away from his church. Finally, he had to be removed. A new pastor came, poured oil on the troubled waters, and peace once more came to that village, now one of the happiest and the most prosperous in the Province.

The jury system is of very ancient origin. It is the inherent right of a British subject to be tried by

his peers, and so, notwithstanding its faults, juries have been retained in most British dependencies. Juries have great powers. On a question of law they are bound to take directions from the presiding Judge, whether he is right or wrong. If he is thought to be wrong, then there is a remedy by appeal on such questions of law. But on a question of fact they are not bound by the Judge's directions or opinions. The presiding Judge has the right to express his opinion on questions of fact and, because of his greater experience, a jury may be influenced by his remarks as to whether the plaintiff or the defendant is right.

Where a jury gives a verdict on a question of fact, that verdict is seldom disturbed by a Court of Appeal. Courts of Appeal, in effect, have often said, "If we had been trying this case without a jury. we think we should have come to a different conclusion, but we cannot say that this verdict is one that a jury properly instructed could not have given."

* * *

It is a dangerous procedure for a Judge, on a question of fact, to tell a jury that it must render a verdict in favour of the plaintiff or the defendant as the case may be. I remember a case in which I was acting for the defendant. The presiding Judge gave positive instructions to the jury that it find for the plaintiff. The jury retired, but shortly afterwards returned with a verdict for the defendant. The Judge was indignant and said, "Mr. Foreman, did you not understand me to tell you that you must find for the plaintiff?" "Yes, my Lord," was the foreman's reply. When I ascended the Bench it was with the resolution that I would never

put myself in such a position that a foreman of a jury could slap me in the face with such an answer, and I never have.

Juries, however, are at times peculiar. I recall a case where, contrary to expectations, a jury found a verdict for the plaintiff. There were two counsel on the other side. A junior lawyer, who had only recently been admitted to the Bar, had the case for the defendant and had engaged to assist him a senior counsel who carried about a good deal of avoirdupois. After the case had been decided, another lawyer who knew the foreman of the jury well, asked him how they had come to find such a verdict. "Well, I'll tell you," said the foreman, "that lawyer, Mr. A., is too fat, and the other fellow is no good."

It may be that this foreman was no fool, that he knew the lawyer had no right to ask him such a question, and that he was merely taking the lawyer for a ride. But again, he may have given the lawyer a truthful answer, for juries have been known to be swayed by things which had no legal bearing on their verdict.

* * *

But juries generally know which case has justice on its side and find accordingly. It is related that when John Scott (afterwards Lord Brougham) and Scarlett (afterwards Lord Abinger) were at the Bar, they were frequently opposed to one another on circuit. Scott had a wide command of language which amounted to eloquence and could often bring tears to the eyes of the jury. Scarlett, on the other hand, was quiet and matter of fact, but logical.

On one occasion, after they had completed a circuit in the north of England during which

time Scarlett won most of his cases against Scott, a lawyer asked one of the jurymen how he liked Scott. "Oh," said the juryman, "Mr. Scott, he be a very fine man. He can talk, he can, and he can make us cry."

"And what do you think of Scarlett?" probed the lawyer.

"Oh, that man Scarlett, he be not much. He can't talk like Scott. I don't think much of him."

"Yes," said the lawyer, "but I notice you have been giving Scarlett most of the verdicts."

"We have indeed," said the juryman. "But you see that man Scarlett, he be very lucky. He be mostly on the right side."

Some lawyers, when a verdict goes against them, are apt to resent it so strongly that they may show their displeasure by displaying or even expressing contempt for the presiding judge. It is related in the lives of the English Chancellors that when this same John Scott (he afterwards became a noted counsel and a great Judge) was a junior lawyer, he was, in the absence of his senior, in attendance at a Court of Appeal when a judgment was rendered against him.

Scott was annoyed and was so indiscreet as to say to the Court that he was surprised that His Lordship should have given such a judgment.

The presiding Judge was very indignant and replied, "Mr. Scott, you have been most discourteous to the Bench and we so resent your remarks that, in the heat of the moment, I dare not impose a penalty on you. We shall adjourn until tomorrow, and in the meantime I shall consider how we shall deal with you."

The young lawyer became greatly alarmed and immediately sought

the advice of an old practitioner whom he knew stood well with the Court. "Think no more of it," said the old counsel, "but come to Court with me in the morning."

As soon as Court was convened the next morning and before the Judge had time to express himself on Scott's contempt of Court the previous day, the old counsel rose and said, "Me Luds, my young friend here yesterday so far forgot himself as to say that he was surprised that Your Lordships should have given such a verdict. Me Luds, if my young friend had been pleading before the Courts as long as I have, he would not have expressed surprise at any judgments Your Lordships might have given."

This frank statement caused such merriment in the Court that the Judges had to join in the spirit of the moment and the matter of Scott's indiscreet remarks was quietly dropped.

* * *

It was during my incumbency as Premier that Mr. J. H. Bell, then Leader of the Opposition, suggested that women should be given the vote. He said there was a strong sentiment in the Province in favour of the enfranchisement of women and that he had been asked to bring the matter to the attention of the Legislature. Upon close questioning by me and other members of the Government, he was forced to admit that the representations made to him were made by one woman only who represented no one but herself.

The women here, as nearly everywhere else in the world, have been enfranchised but it is doubtful if any marked improvement in Government has resulted therefrom. The Western Provinces were the first to give the vote to the

women, and I remember asking a Western member what difference he had found as a result of the women's enfranchisement. His answer was that, as far as he could see, the only result had been to double the cost of elections, both to the country and to the candidates.

* * *

While I cannot see any connection between the two, it is an interesting thing that paternalism in this country started about the same time as did the agitation for woman suffrage. Paternalism began with the promise of Government jobs. Voters were induced to support certain candidates by being assured of soft and permanent employment if they would support those candidates. Later, came the dole extended to a class of persons by both the Government and the municipalities. Then came old age pensions and those who had formerly supported their parents and relatives in their old age passed the responsibility over to the Government. Such measures dried up considerably the sources of charity and had a substantial effect in encouraging idleness.

Now we have the children's allowances and this no doubt will be followed by other paternal grants. The object in granting the children's allowances — giving more opportunity to under-privileged children for education—was and is a worthy one, but in many instances the money is spent by the parents in a most unwise manner and to no benefit whatsoever of those for whom it was intended.

It is a law of human nature that the more that is done for people, the more they expect to have done for them.

I Go To Louisiana

While I was President of the National Acadian Society of the Maritimes and the New England States, the Rev. A. D. Cormier of the Order of the Holy Cross, who had been retired after twenty-five years' service as Chaplain at Dorchester Penitentiary, wrote me and asked me to accompany him on a visit to Louisiana. Father Cormier said there was a large group of Acadian descendants in Louisiana with whom no substantial contract had been made, and he thought that, in my capacity as President of the Society, I should go with him, and effect such contact.

Father Cormier had taken a great interest in the Acadians. It was through his efforts that the Park at Grand Pre had been acquired by the Dominion Atlantic Railway. It was in the Church there that in 1775 the Acadians had been assembled and had heard the Decree of Expulsion read to them, that had scattered them to the four winds.

* * *

The following well authenticated story concerning Grand Pre is worth relating. There was in the Town of Wolfville, which is situted only a short distance from Grand Pre, a jeweller by the name of Herbin who was specially fascinated by the land and surroundings from which the Acadians were expelled. Though Grand Pre was located in the midst of the orcharding country, the scene was one of desolation. The land had remained vacant and uncultivated since 1755. The old trees, hoary with age, were still there, and the Acadian cemetery could still be distinguished.

Herbin used to spend hours walking alone through those de-

serted lands. Their attraction for him grew until he could do little else but think about them. Finally, he went one day to the proprietor of the land and purchased it for $400. He was far from being wealthy, and when he told his wife what he had done, she was greatly displeased. Years afterwards, he learned that though he was English and a Protestant, he was of Acadian descent.

After the grounds were acquired from Herbin by the Acadian Society, the foundations of the original Acadian church were discovered and the church now erected is on the very foundation of the old original one. Close to this Church is the well used by the Acadians before they were deported.

The Acadian Society, however, did not possess the funds to develop the property and the lands were taken over by the Dominion Atlantic Railway and made into a Park which is known and, it is hoped, will forever remain known as Evangeline Park. The grounds have been beautified and are a centre of attraction to thousands of tourists who visit Grand Pre every summer.

* * *

I consented to go with Father Cormier on his pilgrimage to Louisiana and we sailed from New York. The trip was a pleasant one, lasting five days. The list of passengers was cosmopolitan; one of the passengers on the ship was Wallace, the author of "Wooden Ships and Iron Men," a story of the days when the sailing vessels of Nova Scotia and the other Maritime Provinces were making history.

On its way to New Orleans, our boat coasted by Palm Beach and in so doing we passed through the fishing fleet. This fleet con-

sisted of yachts from Palm Beach which were out sport fishing.

As you enter the channel that leads to New Orleans you are far from sight of land. The only way you know that you are in the mouth of the Mississippi is that as far as the eye can see you can distinguish the gray waters of the Mississippi which overlap the green waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

When De La Salle in 1684 was seeking the Mississippi River, he passed through its mouth but could not find the river itself.

The channel leading to New Orleans is an artificial one. Piles have been driven down and have gathered the silt of the River and formed islets on each side of the channel, so that after you get in it you can follow it right into the City.

* * *

Tne City of New Orleans is located on Lake Pontchartin and was laid out by the Chevalier Blond de la Tour and named after the French Regent, the Duke of Orleans. Although it is by far the largest city of Louisiana, so named in honour of King Louis of France, it is not the capital of the State. The capital is Baton Rouge, a city of only 35,000 people.

Canal Street divides New Orleans into two sections. The eastern part is built along Spanish architectural lines since the people who live there are the descendants of the old French and Spanish nobility. The western section is much more modern and its inhabitants are mainly descendants of French, English and Acadian stock. Many of the New Orleans people are so set in their views that some living in the old section have never crossed over into the new section.

The cemeteries in New Orleans are among the most interesting to be found anywhere in North America. Because the land is actually below sea level, the monuments are built above ground. Made of marble, they are in the form of small chapels and many of them are most elaborate; one of them is between 60 and 70 feet high.

It is in New Orleans that we find the world famous restaurant known as "Chez Antoine." I had lunch at Antoine's as guest of the late Chief Justice Joseph Breaux with whom I stayed during my eight days in New Orleans. Miss Parkinson Keyes featured it in her novel "A Dinner At Antoine's."

* * *

From New Orleans I went to the next largest city which is Lafayette. Arriving on a Saturday night, I went to the Cathedral next morning for Mass and on my way back to the hotel had an interesting experience.

Passing a nice cottage, I heard a woman on the veranda speaking to her children in French. It was the first French I had heard spoken since I had come to Louisiana and I decided to go in and introduce myself. I told the woman that I was an Acadian and was in Louisiana for the purpose of delivering a series of addresses on Acadian history. She said she was pleased to meet me as she herself was an Acadian. She told me her late husband's father, Judge Vorhies, had written a small book, "Acadian Reminiscences or My Grandmother's Story." The book, she said, was out of print but she had a copy that she would lend me to read while I was in Louisiana.

A few days later, when I went back to return the book, the woman said, "Judge Arsenault, you

will be amused when I tell you that after you left here on Sunday, one of my children said to me, 'What have you done, Mother? You lent our grandfather's book to a stranger. We will never see it again'."

* * *

One of the first of our series of addresses was to be given in the small town of Abbeville. When I arrived at the hotel, I was not impressed with what I saw. I left my baggage but did not register and went to see the Mayor. I told him I had no wish to criticize the hotel but I preferred to take a room if he would be so kind as to find me one. He took up the telephone and began making some calls. While he was trying to find me a room, some gentlemen came in and were introduced to me. When one of them, a Mr. Samson, learned what the Mayor was trying to do, he said, "If the Judge will accept my hospitality, I shall be very glad to place a room at his disposal. Unfortunately, my wife is not very well, so that I shall only be able to give him his breakfast."

Immediately, another gentleman present, a Mr. Landry, said, "I shall be glad to take care of the Judge for his other meals." Mr Samson took me to his house, showed me the room, and the other gentleman took me to the restaurant and told the owner that I was to be his guest at the restaurant during my stay in Abbeville. This was on a Saturday. On Monday night we spoke in Abbeville and on Tuesday morning we left for New Iberia on our way to St. Martinville. We were met at New Iberia by two gentlemen, one of whom was the Honourable Mr. Bourque. They asked us to allow them to drive us to St. Martinville and we glad-

ly accepted. In St. Martinville we called on the Mayor and made arrangements to hold a meeting at a future date. While at the Mayor's, his father called me to the front door saying, "Come out here. I want to show you a friend of yours." Wondering what friend of mine would be in Louisiana, I went to the front door with him where he pointed out to me a robin hopping about on the lawn. "There he is," he said. This was winter time, and, of course, the robins had long ago left Prince Edward Island and flown south.

* * *

When we were about to leave, the Mayor said he would accompany us. On our way to the hotel, we were passing the Church when the Mayor spoke up suggesting that we drop in for a moment to meet the cure, Monseigneur Pitre, so in the five of us went. Monseigneur Pitre received us very warmly and conversed with us for some time. But it was getting late so that I said we should have to leave if we were to arrive at our hotel in time for lunch. "No, no," cried out Monseigneur, "you are going to no hotel for lunch; you are going to stay and eat with me." But I had noticed several priests in the house and I felt that he already had enough to feed especially when we five had arrived without notice. I therefore tried to excuse ourselves by saying that lunch would be ready for us at the hotel and that we should feel guilty were we to stay for lunch with him. But Monseigneur Pitre was adamant. We must stay.

Ten of us sat down at 12:30 and at 3:30 we were still at table. It was one course after another with one of the last being nothing else but a boar's head. This was neatly dissected by a Belgian priest

who took out the brains to which he added several other ingredients. The mixture proved to be a delicious sauce which was served with the head. I began to wonder if this was just an ordinary meal for Monseigneur Pitre to serve for it was a banquet, the most elaborate of any I had ever been invited to attend.

Afterwards, I learned that the Mayor of Abbeville had phoned to his friends in New Iberia and they in turn had communicated with the Mayor of St. Martinville who had arranged the banquet.

* * *

Six years later, a delegation came from Louisiana to Evangeline Park, Grand Pre, N.S., the scene of the Acadian Expulsion in 1755. The delegation comprised twenty-five young Evangelines. each girl representing a town in Louisiana, and several of the leading citizens of the State. I went to Wolfville to meet them when they arrived. Each member was introduced to me by Father Lachappelle whom I had met in Louisiana and who had been most kind to me while I was there.

In the course of his introductions, he came to one young girl— "This is Miss Samson," he said. The girl fairly jumped at me. With both arms around my neck, she cried out: "Oh, how happy I am to meet you, Judge Arsenault. When I was leaving home, my parents said to me that when I came to Canada I was to be sure to see Judge Arsenault, for when you were in Abbeville you spent several days at our home."

I remembered that at the Samsons there were several children. This beautiful young lady was then a girl of ten or twelve. And now a young lady of 18 or 19. here she was thousands of miles

from home with her arms clinging to my neck. I could understand.

Back a few paragraphs, I mentioned about the book the woman in LaFayette had loaned me. Judge Vohries, the author, had written the story when he was an old man. In it he relates that when he was but a child, his grandmother, a very old lady. used to tell him the story of the Dispersion.

In the year 1755 she was a child of 14. Her parents had adopted a young girl, Emeline Labiche, and had come to regard her as their daughter. She had become engaged to a young man, Louis Arceneaux, of the village of St. Gabriel. When the English soldiers came to that village in Acadia to deport the inhabitants, Louis Arceneaux tried to get in the same boat with his fiancee but was pushed back. He persisted in trying to gain the boat and in the struggle was so severly wounded that he was left on the beach for dead.

After a long and perilous voyage the deportees were landed on the coast of Georgia where they were met by two planters by the names of Charles Smith and Henry Brent. Those men were kind to the strangers landed on their coast. They fed the Acadians and established them on their lands where they remained for three years and prospered. Finally, having heard there were French settlers in Louisiana, these Acadians determined to pull up stakes and make their way to Louisiana in the hope that among those French settlers they might find some of their relatives or friends. Both planters, Smith and Brent, tried to dissuade the Acadians from making the long journey

and not altogether from selfish motives. They pointed out the great dangers and difficulties to be met in making such a trip through hundreds of miles of wilderness, but the minds of the Acadians had been made up.

They took some horses and cattle and set out. Smith and Brent supplied them with guides for the first part of their journey

For three months they labored through forests, swamps and other heart-breaking obstacles until they came to a tributary of the Mississippi. They built rafts and set out on the river and after great hardships reached the Teche country where they found an Acadian settlement.

One day, Emeline Labiche, who had accompanied the Acadians on their long pilgrimage, was out walking near the Acadian settlement when she saw a young man approaching. It was Louis Arceneaux. With cries of "Louis! Louis!" she ran towards him. "I am your Emeline," she sobbed as she threw herself into his arms, "your long lost Emeline. Have you forgotten me?" but the young man did not answer. He turned ashy pale as he hung his head in silence.

"Louis!" she cried once more, "Why do you turn from me? I'm still Emeline, your betrothed. I have kept myself pure and unsullied waiting for you. Have you no word of welcome, Louis? Tell me, tell me that you love me still"

With quivering lips and a tremulous voice Louis answered, 'Speak not so kindly to me. I am unworthy of it, for, thinking you lost to me forever, I have married."

Such was the shock to the young girl of this disclosure that she lost her reason there and then

and never recovered it. She strolled along the bank of the River Teche; she spoke of Acadia, of Louis; and of familiar scenes of her childhood. She was so good and so gentle that people gave her the name of Evangeline—"God's Angel"—and when she died along the bank of the Teche River where now stands the town of St. Martinville she was buried close to where the Church is now located. And that is the story of Evangeline.

* * * *

Longfellow, in his poem, "Evangeline" gives a very faithful picture of the country of Louisiana, its bayous, and its bearded oaks, and readers have often wondered how Longfellow, who had never visited the country, could depict it so accurately.

During my stay in Louisiana, I happened to mention this strange ability of Longfellow's to Judge Judice. He replied that it was something that could be easily explained. His father, he said, and another young man from Louisiana were students at Harvard while Longfellow was Professor of English there. He was then working on his great poem and, learning about those two young men, had them up to his house frequently in order to obtain from them the information about their State which he later incorporated in his famous poem.

A few years ago, I was invited to attend at Cambridge, Mass., the celebration which was being held in honour of the 75th anniversary of Longfellow's publication of "Evangeline" but was unable to do so. However, I wrote the secretary and, in the course of my letter informed him of the above-mentioned explanation of Long-

fellow's knowledge of Louisiana. He replied that there was no record of this story, that he was glad to get it, and that it would be incorporated in the records of the celebration.

* * * *

South western Louisiana is lowlying so that much of it is below sea level. Those lands are protected from inundation by high banks or levees along the rivers and bayous. There is much good lumber, especially of oak and cypress, and the lumber industry is an important one to the State. There is very little mixed farming but large crops of sugar cane, cotton corn, and rice are grown. A noticeable feature was the covering of the large trees with what is known as Spanish Moss. Introduced in Louisiana during the Spanish regime, it hangs from the trees in the form of a beard. Gathered in the fall, much of it is used for upholstering purposes.

Louisiana, like all Southern States, has a large population of negroes. As everyone knows, their ancestors were brought from Africa as slaves to till the plantations of the wealthy Southern landowners. The slaves were, as a rule, treated well but socially were on the same level, so far as the white Southerner was concerned, as his mule. The planter took good care of his mules so that they would be able to work well; for the same reason he took care of his slaves.

But there was no thought given to the negro's soul. He was considered soulless and was bred as was the mule. He was sold, too, as one would sell any thing on the plantation—a piece of machinery or a piece of land, and when a mother was sold the infant child

went with her. For years no provision was made for their education or their moral welfare. Many of them were employed as servants in the household while others did the work on the plantation. "Mamas" were taken into white men's homes to look after the children and, in many instances, those children thought as much of their black "mamas" as they did of their white mothers.

* * * *

Socially, the negro still has no standing in the South If a white woman marries a negro, she immediately is looked upon by her own race as a negro. Even the negroes look upon a white man who has married a black woman as "poor white trash."

In the trains, the negro travels in the Jim Crow car and on the street cars a seat at the back is reserved for him. He dare not sit elsewhere. In church, the negro sits in a seat reserved for negroes. He must not even sit with an Indian for the Indian was always free while the negro was once a slave.

As an illustration of the extent to which such social ostracism was, and to a great extent still is, carried, the following tale told me by the parish priest of Port Breaux should be of interest. The priest related that when an order of black Sisters was introduced in the parish, the Mother Superior of the white Sisters walked out rather than sit in the same church with the black women. When the incident was brought to the attention of the Bishop, he dismissed the white Superioress and there was no more trouble.

One day, while in the town of Franklin, I noticed the court house as I was walking along a

certain street. I entered and made myself known to the keeper of the building who showed me through it. When we returned to his office he told me that the County attorney was in town and in his office in the building. He asked me if I should like to meet him. Informing the keeper that I should be glad to meet the attorney, he led me to his office where the attorney was seated at a table busily writing. "This is Judge Arsenault," was all the introduction the keeper gave me. The County Attorney stood up, shook hands, sat down again and continued writing for a few moments. After he had finished whatever it was that had been engaging his attention, he turned to me and said, "And what part of the State do you come from, Mr. Arsenault?"

I told him I did not belong to the State, that I was a Judge from Canada.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "We have quite a number of Arsenaults in the State. Some of them are magistrates and here they call themselves judges, so that I thought you were one of them." After some conversation, he asked me what I was doing the next day. I told him that there was nothing on my schedule for the next day but that the following evening I was addressing a meeting in Franklin. "That's fine," he said. "How about taking a drive with me tomorrow?"

I replied that I should be pleased to go with him and next morning he arrived at my hotel with a car and a chauffeur. After an hour or two of driving during which time he pointed out some places of interest, we arrived at the Town of St. Martinville. He had the chauffeur park the car and

then, taking my arm, said, "I want to introduce you to a great friend of mine." The reader should remember that at this time Prohibition was the law of the United States and that I was with the Country Attorney.

He led me across the street, opened a door and we walked in. We were in a bar-room that had sawdust on the floor, a brass rail and the wall behind the bar lined with bottles. Prohibition? There was no sign of it here.

The County Attorney walked up to the bar, extended his hand to the man behind it, and said "How are you, Bob? Meet a friend of mine, Judge Arsenault of the Supreme Court in Canada." Bob shook hands. "What will you have, gentlemen?" he asked. "We have rum, whiskey, gin, and brandy. Oh yes, and some Canadian rye." The County Attorney said he thought that in honor of my visit a drink of Canadian rye might not be inappropriate. And so we had the rye. But I was just a trifle suspicious. For it appeared almost incredible to me that in a town eighty miles from New Orleans and in the southern interior of the State, a State thousands of miles from Canada, we should be able to drink genuine Canadian rye. I could detect nothing wrong with its aroma or its taste but I could not help being just a little skeptical.

And so turning to the bar tender, I said, "Please pardon my curiosity, but have you an unbroken package of this rye?"

"Certainly," he said, "come with me."

Taking me to a room in the rear of the bar, he opened a large safe and withdrew a bottle wrap-

ped in tissue paper. "Here you are," he said.

I unwrapped the tissue paper from a bottle marked "Canadian Club." Across the neck was affixed the Canadian revenue stamp.

"How do you manage," I asked him, "to get Canadian Club rye in the interior of Louisiana?"

That was easy, he told me. From Pontchartrain, he said, which was a large lake on which New Orleans was situated, there was a maze of smaller lakes that ran a considerable distance into the interior. Vessels could make their way up them from the Gulf of Mexico without going near Orleans. When they were ready to make one of those trips they wirelessed ahead to the interested parties who met them at agreed upon places with a fleet of trucks

* * *

I spent my last week in Louisiana as the guest of Chief Justice Joseph Breaux. He was a very old man, retired from the Bench, and lived alone in a splendid old residence with two housekeepers and a chauffeur to administer to his wants. His automobile was at my disposal and I was thus able to see much of the City and the surrounding countryside. He was an excellent host. Nearly every evening we had oysters for dinner in one form or another. The oysters were from Beloxi and of a good quality although a little on the large size. In the evening the housekeeper prepared a mint julep, and when I retired to my room I found on the dresser a bottle of whiskey and ginger ale.

During my stay in New Orleans I was invited by the Dean of the Law Faculty of Loyola University to address the senior class of law students. I spoke to them on the

subject of the administration of the Criminal Law in Canada, a subject of keen interest in the United States.

It was Carnival Week and through the courtesy of the Chief Justice I was given a seat on the balcony of the Pickwick Club on Canal Street quite close to the Queen of the Carnival.

* * *

The Carnival is a most elaborate affair. I was told that the City spends a quarter of a million in its celebration. There were more than forty floats in the procession I saw. First, comes the King of the Carnival and his retinue, all mounted on magnificent horses. Then came the elaborate floats crowded with beautiful girls who threw "favours" from the floats. There is always a scramble among the crowds to catch one or more of those "favours."

In order that there may be no interruption while the Carnival is in progress, Canal Street, which is a very wide and very long thoroughfare, is closed to all traffic during the Carnival. As the King and his retinue rode through it, he pulled up in front of the Pickwick Club, saluted the Queen, paid his compliments, and conversed with her.

The Carnival attracts people from all parts of the United States and Canada and even from other countries. During Carnival Week, New Orleans is jammed with visitors and accommodations are at a premium

Louisiana left a great impression on me. Nowhere have I found more hospitable people. Wherever one goes, the coffee pot is always on the stove and ready for the visitor.

* * *

The people are never in a hurry. Apparently, they know how to

live, for there is none of that hustle and bustle characteristic of the cities of the North. New Orleans reminded me more of the cities of France with its art, its music, and its "joie de vivre."

The Acadians of Louisiana, the largest group in North America, are mostly the descendants of those deported from Acadia in 1755 who settled in northwest Louisiana. The French in New Orleans are largely the descendants of the original settlers from France. Many of them had intermarried with Spanish settlers. Their descendants are known as Creoles. The Creole is by no means a cross of the white with the black and no greater insult could be given to the New Orleander than to suggest that there was any black blood in him. The Creole is the ne plus ultra. A Creole dish for example is what you might call le plus recherche, a dish of the first quality.

During the Spanish occupation, French exiles from France took refuge in lower Louisiana. Those were of the nobility who were driven through fear of the guillotine from their native France during the Revolution. A great portion of them settled in St. Martinsville. They had brought with them much of the finery they had worn at Court and they imparted such elegance to the little community that it became known as "Le Petit Paris."

* * *

Among those refugees was a young countess who, because of her beauty and taste, had become the leader of fashions in that little community. One day an accident happened in one of the streets near the home of the countess. She ran out to see what all the excitement was about but after a while becoming conscious

of the glaring sun, snatched her brother's straw hat from his head and put it on herself as a protection to her complexion. Other young girls, noticing the straw hat on the head of the countess, thought it was a new style of hers, and next Sunday they all appeared in church with imitative straw hats on their heads.

The young countess caught on at once. She procured a quantity of straw, wove it into the form of a hat, trimmed it with ribbons, and next Sunday also appeared in church in a straw hat. She then wrote to her modiste in Paris and had her make a straw bonnet for her. The idea took hold in Paris and so from the straw hat snatched from a boy's head to protect a girl's complexion from the sun, originated the female bonnet now worn throughout the civilized world.

A favourite dish among the Louisiana Acadians is gumbo. This is a thick, appetizing soup made of chicken, crawfish, oysters, etc., and highly seasoned. Finely powdered bay leaves give it consistency.

* * *

The Acadian housewife is an excellent cook and her home is an example of neatness and order. If you happen to visit an Acadian home around dinner time, you have to partake of the family meal which may consist of gumbo, cochon au lait (suckling pig), fricasse champignon (stewed mushrooms), or canard farci (roast duck). This is topped off with the inevitable coffee.

The French spoken in Louisiana is very good with many words and expressions that were in use in France during the reign of Henry IV. There is also a patois spoken, especially by the Negroes. It is incomprehensible

when spoken to one who is not familiar with it, but I had the hotel keeper at St. Martinsville write down several of the expressions for me, and when this was done, I could easily trace their meaning. Many of the Negroes, however, spoke a very good French. One day in Lafayette, I was passing a lawyer's office and saw a large number of Negro men and women assembled outside. They were speaking French among themselves and had I not known they were Negroes, but had merely heard their voices, I should have thought they were Acadians from the Maritimes as they speak much the same language.

Altogether, I enjoyed my visit to Louisiana. And some day, I should like to return. The South is different. The mentality of the people, their habits and customs are much different from those of the people in the North. They seem to enjoy life more than we do and do not rush through it as we do. Their hospitality and their friendliness is unbounded and found in no such degree anywhere else in North America.

Leaving for New York, our steamer passed through the long artificial channel which leads from New Orleans to the sea. We passed by several islets formed by the silt of the Mississippi. Many of those small islands were inhabited and as we passed through them, row boats would come out from them and make for our ship. The passengers would throw newspapers and magazines over the side to those in the boats and they would be eagerly snatched up. How those people lived on those islets, I do not know.

The voyage to New York was uneventful, and as we had the Gulf Stream with us, it took one

day less coming back than it did going down.

Among our passengers were two very nice women, one of whom was from New York, the other from Connecticut. One day while talking to the New York woman, I noticed that on a bracelet she was wearing, there were several bangles and among those was a religious medal. Knowing that she was not a Catholic, I asked her why she wore the medal.

She said that her only son had taken ill and that, in spite of the best specialists she could get, he had been getting worse. Her Catholic maid suggested that her mistress go to the church with her where they would ask St. Rita to intercede for the boy. She was desperate and went. Before the statue of the Saint the two women prayed and, at the suggestion of the maid, the mother had lighted a candle before the statue of the Saint. "From that day on," she said, "my son began getting better and was cured without any medicine." She said the miraculous cure had so impressed her that she had always wanted to be a Catholic ever since.

When I asked her why she hadn't become a Catholic, she said she had divorced her first husband and had married again, and that she could not become a Catholic unless she discontinued living with her second husband. She said she could not do that because she loved him very much and could not leave him.

Founding of The Tourist Association

In the early 20's, a body of the Island's leading citizens got together and decided to form a Tourist Association. Nothing of a concrete nature was done at the first

meeting, but at the second, which I attended, it was definitely decided to proceed with the organizing of such an association. Officers were accordingly elected.

I was asked to accept the office of president and agreed provided that: 1st, the Association would open up an office; 2nd, the Association would appoint a manager; and 3rd, the Association would receive financial backing Those conditions were approved and I became president. Mr. Reigh Tinney became secretary and manager; Mr. S. A. McLeod, chairman of the financial committee; Mr. Harry Brown, chairman of the entertainment committee; and Mr. P. A. Clarkin, chairman of the transportation committee.

The late Mr. McLeod, as chairman of the committee on finances, organized and conducted a drive for funds which brought the Association about $4,000. An office was then secured with Reigh Tinney as its manager and with the limited funds at our disposal we began our development of the tourist industry in the Province. Because of our limited capital, we could not devote much to advertising. But there were other serious handicaps as well. The charge for bringing a motor car across the Strait on the car ferry was $4.00 or $8.00 for the return trip. Such rates were practically prohibitive to many tourists. Another handicap was that all motor cars had to be loaded on flat cars to be taken on the car ferry and it was some time before the railway conceived the idea of building ramps at Borden and Tormentine so that the motor cars could go aboard the flat cars on their own power.

The dust nuisance on our unpaved roads was another serious deterrent to our efforts to secure

more tourists for the Province. In many cases, tourists came across to Borden and after experiencing a few miles of driving through thick clouds of dust, promptly turned around and headed back for the mainland. But with the building of the modern car ferry "Charlottetown," and the construction of paved roads from Charlottetown and Summerside to Borden, the tourist business began to increase.

* * *

After remaining with the Association three years, Mr. Tinney resigned and was succeeded by Mrs. James M. McFadyen. She was a most efficient manager and it is largely owing to her enthusiasm and energy that the tourist business in this Province was placed on a sound and permanent basis. During the tourist months, Mrs. McFadyen stayed on the job from early morning until late at night and, with only one assistant, did the work of three or four persons. It was only natural that the Government should sooner or later become interested in our efforts to bring more tourists to the Province and it was about this time that it gave the Association its first subsidy of $2,500. In 1942, the following year, the Government voted $10,000 for the tourist bureau and B. Graham Rogers was appointed manager. His successor, Brigadier W. W. Reid, also did an excellent job.

Meanwhile, I had to make a trip to Montreal and took the opportunity while there of calling upon the General Traffic Manager and the General Passenger Manager of the C. N. R. I urged upon them the necessity of reducing the car rate on motor vehicles ferried across the Strait. The rate was reduced by one dollar. It was not much, but it represented the

entering of the thin end of the wedge.

Some time later, when Dr. W. J. P. MacMillan was Premier, he and I took the matter up with the Hon. Dr. Manion, Minister of Railways. We argued the question so strenuously that we secured another reduction so that while a one-way fare was $3.00, a return fare was cut to $5.00. Still later, we again pressed the matter and secured a rate of $3.00 return at which figure it has remained ever since.

* * *

The first Pullman service to Prince Edward Island was the result of a luncheon given me in Montreal by my good friends, W. T. Weldon and H. H. Melanson, both high-ranking officials of the C. N. R. At this luncheon I brought the matter of a Pullman service to the Province to the attention of those gentlemen. After listening to my arguments, Weldon said, "Well, the Judge has been a good friend of the C. N. R. What do you think, Henry?" Melanson replied, "I'm in favour of a Pullman to Prince Edward Island so if you approve, we'll put it on." Next spring it went on and has been on ever since during the summer months.

The tourist bureau was in its early years with Reigh Tinney as manager when Harry Brown came to me one day and proposed an advertising stunt that struck me favourably. His proposal was that we invite prominent railway officials and officers of other transportation companies to come and spend a week on the Island. I wrote Henry Melanson, who was the General Passenger Manager of the Canadian National Railways, and asked him his opinion of the proposal. He enthusiastically endorsed the scheme and I

then wrote him again and asked him to send me a list of railway men who he thought should be invited.

The list was promptly sent and included the General Traffic Manager and the General Passenger Traffic Manager of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railway; the General Passenger Traffic Manager of the Boston and Maine Railway; the Traffic Manager and the Passenger Manager of the Bangor and Aristook Railway; the Maritime Passenger Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Saint John, N. B.; the Passenger Manager of the Eastern Steamships Company; and several officers of the Canadian National Railways, including Mr. Henry Melanson and Mr. C. K. Howard to whom were afterwards added Mr. Weldon and Mr. Robertson of Moncton.

All those invited accepted the invitation and preparations were at once begun for their reception. Our committee was ably assisted by the late W. K. Rogers and W. S. Grant.

* * *

A camp at Murray River was selected for the outing and tents were also supplied to accommodate those who could not find quarters at the Camp. A large field kitchen was set up and the C. N. R. furnished us with one of their best chefs. We provided his two assistants.

All the invited guests arrived in due time. They came to Borden in their private cars and were met there by motor cars which took them to the Beach Grove Inn where a dinner was tendered them. A call was then made at Government House and afterwards they were guests at the Victoria Hotel overnight. The next day they were driven to Murray River

with lunch at Montague on the way.

The week spent at Murray River by those officials was a most enjoyable one. The weather was perfect and the time was spent in swimming, boating, fishing, clambaking, and deep-sea fishing. Those busy officials had a week of rest and relaxation such as perhaps they had never had before. One day at dinner, someone happened to mention the word "telephone." There were no telephones at the camp. The traffic manager of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford said, "Telephone! Telephone! It seems to me I've heard that word before. What is a telephone?"

When the eight days were up, we motored the railway men to Summerside where the people there had a lobster and oyster supper provided for them at the residence of the late Harry T. Holman.

The result of our "advertising stunt" was that those railway men went home to talk of the wonderful time they had had in Prince Edward Island. It is impossible to estimate the amount of good which resulted from those eight care-free days spent by those men at Murray River.

* * *

The next year those same railroad men met in Saint John at a conference at which I was present. They had met to consider methods by which the Maritimes could be helped by providing better and more modern transportation. Both the C.P.R and the C. N. R. officials agreed to put on an additional train between Montreal and Halifax with connections at Sackville for Prince Edward Island. The Boston and Maine officials said they would put on a train from Boston to

Halifax with connections to Prince Edward Island, and the New York, New Haven, and Hartford representatives said they would run a train from New York to Halifax with connections to this Province.

When the question arose respecting the amount of money that should be voted to advertise the Maritimes, someone suggested $15,000. Immediately the traffic manager of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford broke in with, "$15,000 be damned. Let's make it $25,000." The vote went through without a dissenting voice.

Unfortunately, the 1929 depression was about to break. When it did, all the railways had to curtail expenses and most of those services were abandoned.

* * *

Meanwhile, a little incident occurred which is perhaps worth recording as showing that the friendships made at Murray River, and renewed at the Saint John conference, were real and lasting. One of my daughters had taken a trip to the United States and was visiting in Boston when I received a wire from her asking if I could get her thirty-day ticket extended for a week. Immediately, I wired my friend, W. J. Wright, better known as Buck Wright, General Passenger Manager of the Boston and Maine, asking for an extension. He was away at the time and someone in his office wired me that it could not be done.

However, my wire came to the attention of some higher official who knew that Mr. Wright had been entertained by me in Prince Edward Island. He wired me, "As you are a great friend of our Mr. Wright, of course the ticket can be extended. We will get in touch with your daughter and arrange the matter." Shortly after-

wards, another wire came saying that my daughter had been informed of the extension, and later, still another stating that my daughter had been met and placed on the train. The fact was that through some delay, my daughter was five minutes late arriving at the station; the train was held; and officials were on hand when she arrived to escort her to the Pullman where they told the conductor to take good care of her.

It is only fitting in this connection that I should pay a tribute to Mr. S. A. McLeod. Mr. McLeod had many oustanding qualities. As a business man he was instrumental in building up one of our outstanding commercial houses.

As a citizen he was ever active in promoting any project that was for the benefit of the City or of the Province. He worked quietly and without ostentation, he was behind the scene, but if he sponsored an undertaking it was sure to succeed. To his indefatigable efforts the success of the Prince Edward Island Tourist Association is largely indebted. As chairman of the finance committee, the responsibility fell on him of raising funds to enable the association to function, at a time when we had to depend on the public for a revenue with which to operate and at a time when the government was oblivious of the benefit accruing from the tourist traffic.

The death of Mr. McLeod was a great loss to the City and to the Province. He was one of nature's gentlemen.

The Charlottetown Hotel

In the year 1926, a delegation from the Charlottetown Board of Trade waited on Sir Henry Thornton to ask the Canadian National

Railways to establish a summer resort in Prince Edward Island. Sir Henry informed the delegation that he could make no definite reply at that time owing to the Railways' heavy hotel commitments in other Provinces. In 1928, at the meeting of the Maritime Board of Trade a resolution was passed asking the Canadian National for an extension in the Maritimes of such lodges as the Pictou Lodge in Nova Scotia. Again Sir Henry pleaded such heavy committments as the Chateau Laurier in Ottawa and a new hotel in Victoria, B. C.

In January, 1929, the Victoria Hotel, then under the management of the Charlottetown Hotel Company, burned down. It had rendered valuable service to the community as the Island's leading hotel, and its destruction meant a serious loss to Charlottetown and the travelling public.

As chairman of the Island Tourist Bureau, and with the kind assistance of H. H. Melanson General Passenger Traffic Manager of the C N. R., I got in touch with John D. Kearns, President of the Associated Hotel, Limited. I suggested to Mr. Kearns the building of a modern hotel in Charlottetown. He received my suggestions favourably and informed me that he would come to Charlottetown to look the situation over for himself. In the meantime other developments were taking place.

* * *

At the suggestion of S. A. MacDonald, then President of the Charlottetown Board of Trade, I invited a number of leading citizens to meet in my Chambers to consider what steps we should take to try to induce the Canadian National Railways to build a hotel in Charlottetown. At the meeting

a suggestion was made that we pass a resolution to be forwarded to Sir Henry Thornton asking that a hotel be built here. I expressed the view that such a resolution would be worthless and that, in my opinion, a delegation should be appointed to interview Sir Henry on the matter. This view prevailed and a delegation comprising Mr. Nelson Rattenbury, Mr. S. A. McLeod, Mr. S A. MacDonald, and myself was appointed. I was asked to prepare the brief for presentation to Sir Henry. Mr. Rattenbury, who was going to Montreal, consented to arrange for the interview with Sir Henry and he succeeded in having it arranged for Saturday, Feb. 16th, at Sir Henry's office in Montreal.

Our delegation was supplemented at the interview by Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Jenkins, our Queen's County Federal representatives, who came from Ottawa for the purpose.

My brief stressed the following points: 1st. That Prince Edward Island was a Province of Canada, and that, although small, it was entitled to the same rights and privileges as the other Provinces of Canada; 2nd, that Charlottetown was the capital of the Province and as such was entitled to a first class hotel in keeping with the other hotels of the Canadian National Railways; and 3rd, that Prince Edward Island was the only Province in Canada not touched by the Canadian Pacific Railways, and that the Canadian National should therefore be more generous to us since it had a monopoly of our business.

* * *

Sir Henry in reply said that he was particularly impressed by the three main points of the brief and

especially by the third which stated that the C.N.R. had a monopoly of the Island's business. The Railway, of which he was the head, would not build anything except the best, Sir Henry said, then, turning to Mr. Hungerford, "Sam," he asked, "what would a hotel in Charlottetown in keeping say, with our New York offices cost?" Mr. Hungerford replied, "Well. in anticipation of this delegation, I had our architects make a rough estimate. They think that around $750,000 should cover the cost." "No," said Sir Henry, "a million." (And that is what it did cost). "Of course," added Sir Henry, "the money must be voted and I shall expect the co-operation of your representatives in the Commons."

That same evening we got together at the Windsor Hotel and a telegram was prepared to Mr. King, the Prime Minister, to be signed by Messrs. Sinclair and Jenkins, and by Mr. Rattenbury. Sinclair and Jenkins demurred about signing it. They knew it was a large sum and felt that such an appropriation might prejudice other votes of money they were asking for. Mr. Rattenbury, however, was insistent that they sign it and they finally did.

The money was voted and the construction of the hotel begun.

* * *

During the preparation of the plans, I was in touch with the architects and though I realized how admirable the plans were in most respects, I noticed that no provisions were being made for the holding of conventions. The architects readily admitted this lack but pointed out that the hotel was to be so built that an additional story could be added and that it was the intention to build

such a story when it was required. The time has now arrived when this should be done.

When the hotel was completed, Sir Henry and other high-ranking railway officials came to inspect it. After going through it, we stood out in front looking at it. The depression (it was in 1929) was underway. Thinking of this I turned to the railway president and said, "'Sir Henry, I think that we tackled you just at the psychological moment for this Hotel." "Arsenault," replied Sir Henry, "you damned nearly missed your boat." No one knew better than I how close had been the shave.

* * *

It was about this time that the idea occurred to Messrs. Theodore Morgan and George A. McNamee of the Montreal Tourist and Convention Bureau to form a Canadian Tourist Association. These men of vision accordingly invited the managers of the different tourist bureaux in Canada together with other persons interested in the tourist industry to attend a meeting in Montreal.

We met at the Windsor Hotel and were addressed by a number of Canadian and American speakers interested in tourist travel. The Association was formed and named the Canadian Association of Tourist and Publicity Bureaux.

The object of the Association was two-fold. First, to co-ordinate the tourist business throughout Canada and the United States; second, to persuade the Canadian Government to assist by spending money for the same purpose.

The Association was so successful in its second object that the Canadian Senate in 1934 appointed a special committee to inquire into the matter. The committee was

headed by Senator W. H Dennis, proprietor of the Halifax Herald, who was greatly interested in the development of the tourist industry. As a result of the committee's findings, the Dominion Government Tourist Bureau was established with Mr. D. Leo Dolan as its director.

* * *

The choice of Mr. Dolan had been an excellent one. He had been a newspaperman and on the death of Douglas Black had been appointed director of the New Brunswick Tourist Bureau.

Besides his intimate knowledge of the tourist business, Leo Dolan is an outstanding after-dinner speaker and his addresses throughout Canada and the United States have gone a long way toward promoting the Canadian tourist industry. In fact it was I who dubbed him "Our Ambassador of Good Will."

At the Windsor Hotel meeting, I was named President of the Association and held the office for two years. Mr. George M. McNamee was named Secretary-Treasurer, which position he held for several years until his resignation.

The next meeting was in Winnipeg where we were the guests of the Canadian National Railway and the Canadian Pacific Railway. For two days we were accommodated at the C. P. R.'s Fort Garry Hotel and for the remaining two days, we stayed at the Royal Alexandra. We were royally entertained by both Railways and by the City of Winnipeg as well.

The Association has grown rapidly since those days and now has over one hundred and fifty different bureaux as members The Dominion Bureau has also grown and now employs a large staff under

Mr. Dolan's direction. This year (1950), I understand the Bureau will spend approximately $1,000,000 in tourist promotion.

I Visit Europe

In 1924, I was fortunate enough to re-visit Europe. I left Quebec by the old Empress of Britain, a most comfortable ship. One day, I was standing on the rear deck when a clergyman came and stood by me. We got into conversation and I learned that he came from Liverpool, England. He told me that he had been visiting on the Pacific Coast and that he had been so impressed by Canada that he intended upon his return to England to ask his Ordinary to give him permission to come and settle in Canada. He was Irish and when 12 o'clock came, I remarked that the sun was over the main brace and asked if I would be offending him in asking him to join me in an aperitif. "Shure," he replied, "and would a duck swim."

We retired to the smoking room where I asked him what he would have. He countered by asking me if I had ever tried Canadian rye with Italian vermouth. "Well," I said, "that is the base of a Manhattan cocktail, and I am sure it would go very nicely." So we had Canadian rye and vermouth.

That was the year of the Wembley Exhibition. It was certainly a grand Exhibition. I was told that there were over 350,000 people on the grounds that day, and although there were many places where intoxicants were sold, I only saw one man the worse for liquor. I was told he was an American.

The Hyde Park Hotel is frequented by foreigners from all the important nations of the world. There I saw French, Germans, Russians,

Hollanders, Indians, Chinese, and men from many other races. At the time there was a conference of nations going on at London. Among those representatives was Edouard Herriot. One day as I was coming down the elevator, three men got in. The face of one of them somehow appeared familiar to me but I could not place him. Next day when I saw his picture in the paper, I suddenly realized that one of the three men who had got in the elevator with me was Herriot.

He was then Premier of France and I was at the St. Lazare station the day he arrived in Paris from England. There was an inmmense crowd to meet him. They kept yelling, "Herriot! Herriot!"

One night I was in the bathroom at the Hyde Park There was a more or less flimsey door which led from the bathroom to an adjoining room. From the bath tub I could hear a man, evidently a newspaperman, dictating in French to his secretary a dispatch to his newspaper. The gist of his dictation was that he had learned since coming to London that there was a prisoner of state who was being held in London for some years. The prisoner was evidently a man of some importance and was an Egyptian. There was a mystery about his incarceration which the newspaperman had not as yet solved.

I thought no more of the incident but, six months later, upon my return to Canada, I saw that the papers were full of a story about an Egyptian Prince who had killed a person of prominence in Cairo. The Prince had then been smuggled into England where he had been kept as a prisoner of state for his own protection. But it

seems he had escaped and was now being chased all over Europe. The inference one drew from the papers was that England was glad to get clear of the Prince and that the chase for his re-capture was being very perfunctorily made. As I read the story, I thought of the newspaperman busy in his room at the Hyde Park dictating his dispatch. He had been very close to a real big story.

* * *

Another evening I was having a late dinner in the dining-room of the Hyde Park when I noticed an empty table most elaborately decorated. Asking the waiter what it meant, I was told that an Indian Prince and his retinue were coming to dinner and that if I did not hurry I would likely see them.

Sure enough, within a few minutes the Prince and his retinue made their appearance. With him was his wife, the Princess, his mother, and perhaps a dozen others. The women were dressed in rich silk and were much bejewelled.

After being at the Hyde Park for some time, the idea occurred to me that I should revisit the haunts of my younger days when I was a struggling young lawyer. So down past Knightsbridge I went, past Buckingham Palace, the Horse Guards, Piccadilly, Trafalgar Square, and up the Strand to Fleet Street. Then past the Courts, the Temple Bar, the Cheshire Cheese, past St. Pauls, and then the Mansion House and the Bank of England. I walked on to High Holborn, Holborn, and came back by Chancery Lane and to the Strand. As it was nearly seven o'clock in the evening, I dropped in to the Grand Hotel grill for dinner.

Before leaving London I called at the law offices of Sir Charles Russell where as a young man twenty-five years before, I had studied law. But none of the old crowd were there. I looked about the old familiar offices. There had been changes, of course, but there were objects such as old desks and bookcases that had been there in my time With just a slight feeling of nostalgia I asked about Sir Charles. No, he was not in; he was not in good health and spent a large part of his time in the country. I shook hands with one or two of them and left. I drew a deep breath of air into my lungs as I reached the street and turned my steps toward my old boarding house. They, too, were no longer there. The house had changed hands and I could not locate my former friends.

* * *

After eight days in London I went to Paris. Previously I had wired Arthur Dowl, accountant with the Bank of Montreal in Paris, asking him to secure me accommodations. He had done so and a room at the Osborn Hotel had been reserved for me.

I was not entirely friendless in Paris Two young men whom I knew, Dr. Euclide Leger, now of Moncton, and another young man, Dr. Aucoin of Cape Breton, were taking post graduate work at a large hospital in Paris. I got in touch with them and they suggested that I make the trip to Tours and to the castles along the Loire. One of them, Doctor Leger, offered to accompany me.* The franc was then down to six cents and on leaving Paris I had given one of my young friends 500 francs to spend on our trip with instructions to let me know

when he wanted more. He acted as treasurer and paid all the expenses.

We made the trip which took five days. We stayed at a very nice little hotel in Tours; we did not stint ourselves; we took a char-a-banc each day to visit the chateaux; we ate well and attended entertainments; and on our return to Paris when I asked my young friend to figure up our expenses so that I might know how much I owed him, he did so. He said he still owed me 25 francs. I could hardly believe it.

*(Dr. Euclide Leger took a few years' post graduate course in Paris. On his return to Canada he established a practice in Moncton and is a leading surgeon in Hotel Dieu Hospital, Moncton.

(Dr. Edmond Aucoin specialized in Paris in ear, eyes and threat. He so distinguished himself in this study that when Chevalier Jackson, inventor of the Bronchoscopia, came to Paris to lecture on this subject he employed Dr. Aucoin as interpreter and afterwards engaged him as his assistant for a period of four years. Dr. Aucoin was then named to the chair of Broncoscopia at the University of Montreal, but shortly afterwards was drowned whilst canoeing on a lake near Montreal. His untimely death deprived Canada of a distinguished surgeon.)

* * *

Some of the castles on the Loire are most interesting, though many of them are in practically a ruinous state. In the Middle Ages they were the residences of the Kings and nobles of France and were strongly fortified. One such castle that we visited was located on a

high elevation with a steep precipice on three sides. The access to the castle on the fourth side could only be gained through a narrow entrance which could be shut off by a drawbridge. On the castle itself around the embrasures one could see the pitted marks made by the arrows from the crossbows of the assailants. Such a castle was easily defended and was practically impregnable.

One of the most interesting of those visited was Loche. It is one of the oldest castles in France, dating back to the eleventh century. It was the residence of the Kings of France and is still well preserved. It consists of the Chateau Royal which contains the oratory of Anne de Bretagne and the tomb and effigy of Agnes Sorel, the mistress of Charles VII. It also contains Le Donjon, dating back to the twelfth century, where many distinguished persons were imprisoned.

Another interesting castle is Chinon. It was in the Grand Logis of this castle that Joan of Arc recognized King Charles VII from among his courtiers. It is now partly in ruins, and when I asked our young guide why the castle had been partly wrecked he replied, "Le Roy n'aimait pas les chateaux forts". The King did not like fortified castles.

* * *

The last we visited was Chenanceaux. It was owned by Meunier, the chocolate king of France who at one time owned the Island of Anticosti in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Chenanceaux is one of the most beautiful castles on the Loire. It was the residence of the King of France who on his deathbed gave it to his mistress, Anne de Poitiers, on his death. Anne of

Austria, his Queen, took it from Anne de Poitiers and gave her another residence.

During our second day of castle visiting, we became acquainted with a very nice couple, a Belgian doctor and his wife. In the evening we said goodbye to them not expecting, of course, that we should ever see them again. But a week store, I saw two young ladies approaching. One of them rushed towards me saying, "Oh, Judge Arsenault, I don't suppose you know me." "I certainly do," I replied; "you are Bernadette Gillis and I spent some time with you at your uncle's home in East Point." She was touring Europe as a companion to the daughter of a rich American couple.

* * *

No one should leave Paris without visiting Versailles, which was the former residence of the King of France. In visiting this famous castle, I was accompanied by a reafterwards when my young friends and I were attending the Grand Opera in Paris we noticed sitting across from us the Belgian doctor and his wife. They waved to us as we did to them, each glad to see the other again.

About a year previous to my trip to Paris, I had spent a week-end in company with Mr. Dennis O'Meara Reddin at Father Ronald McDonald's residence at East Point. On Saturday evening two of Father McDonald's nieces, Miss Gillis and Miss Hogan, came for a visit. Miss Gillis was a daughter of the late Paul Gillis of Charlottetown and was a nurse in New York.

A year later, during my trip to Paris, I went one evening to a store on the Rivoli to get some cigarettes. As I was leaving the little

porter of the Press Gallery of the House of Commons, Ottawa, Mr. Fraser, and his wife who was the daughter of the late Senator Burns of New Brunswick. She had a heart condition and sat in the grounds while her husband and I examined the castle.

Some days afterwards, we decided that he and I would take a trip to Switzerland and Italy I had a letter of introduction to church officials in Rome from Cardinal Begin of Quebec and I felt confident that such an introduction would enable us to have an audience with His Holiness the Pope. My friend, however, had to take his wife to London but he told me he would only be away about a week and that on his return to Paris we should make the trip. But on his arrival in London I received a wire from him stating he had been called to Scotland and that we would have to postpone our trip for another week.

* * *

During my sojourn in Paris I visited the battle fields. I drove to Arras, Lens, Vimy Ridge, St. Eloi and other places.

I made inquiries about Canadian cemeteries and at last found one. I asked the keeper if there were any Prince Edward Islanders buried there. He said there were, and that he would look up his records. He went into his office and after a short time returned and took me to two graves. One was a McDonald from St. Peters, the other was a McPhee, son of Captain and Mrs. McPhee, Georgetown. I took a photograph of both graves and on my return sent them to the parents.

About a year afterward I had to hold court in Georgetown. I could find no place to stay, but I was

told that Captain McPhee had a large house and that he would probably accommodate me. I went to the house, introduced myself and asked them if they would afford me lodging during the session of the court. To my surprise I received a very warm reception. They told me that I had sent them a photograph of their son's grave in France and that I was most welcome to their hospitality I was privileged to be a guest at their home on several subsequent occasions until they both died.

* * *

I had been in Paris for six weeks, my other friends from Canada were leaving, and I felt that I would have to cancel my trip to Rome. I had become well acquainted in Paris with the manager of the Canadian National Railways, Mr. Young. I visited his office quite frequently. In order to return to Canada immediately, it would be necessary for me to have my reservation advanced, but when I called at the Cunard offices, I was told an advance would be impossible on my reservation since the accommodation on all their ships was filled. The next time I called on Young I told him of my difficulty. He suggested we make a personal call on the manager of Cunard's Paris office as he knew him well. We did so, but to no purpose as the manager pointed out to us that this was one situation in which he could not help us The berths were all filled and there was nothing that he could do about it.

Upon our return to Young's office, I suggested to him that I invite the Cunard man to lunch next day. Young approved the idea and said he would invite the representative of the Canadian Press

as well. I arranged for the luncheon at Romano,, a very old and distinguished restaurant in Paris.

We had a splendid luncheon with appropriate wines. The cost was most moderate. As we were leaving, the Cunard manager called Young and said, "This was a most pleasant luncheon. I am going to see what I can do for your friend, the Judge." The very next day he called Young and told him to inform me that there had been a cancellation and that I could have a cabin all to myself on a ship that was sailing within a few days. Sailing day the manager accompanied me to Cherbourg, acquainted me with the purser and told him to be sure I had the cabin to myself. Thus by a simple luncheon I accomplished my purpose.

While in Paris I had become acquainted with several Parisiens. I had met the Countess de Pondi, a wealthy lady who very kindly had invited me to visit her at her castle a few miles outside of Paris. My early sailing, unfortunately, deprived me of that pleasure.

One day, just before leaving Paris, I entered a church which I had noticed from the street. After saying a prayer, I glanced about me and noticed a priest walking back and forth in one of the aisles. I introduced myself and he said, "You are not French," meaning that I was not of France.

I said I was a Canadian. "Oh, a Canadian," he said. "I am glad you spoke to me. My Cardinal has asked me to go to Canada to give a little series of conferences. I know little of that country. Would you kindly come to my rooms so that you might tell me something of Canada?"

I agreed and told him the essential things that I thought he should

know about a country that was as big as the whole of Europe. Finally, the subject of our conversation changed and he asked me where I had been in Paris. When I told him he gave me a list of interesting places to visit that were not even mentioned in the guide books. One was a Roman arena which had been built when France was under the Roman occupation more than two thousand years ago. He also gave me a list of books to buy, told me what editions to buy, and where to get them. It was evident that he was a very learned and well informed priest.

* * *

On an ocean voyage one meets some interesting people. I remember, on the return trip, meeting at table one day an old Connecticut Yankee and his son. The old man and I became friendly and one evening as we were standing by the rail he became expansive. I gathered from his story that he had recently retired from a business which had given him a lot of money.

"You know, Judge," he said, speaking with a slow drawling accent, "I was brought up very strictly. At home we were not allowed to play cards or to indulge in such amusements as dancing. Drinking liquor was considered a sin and the result was that I grew to manhood without having what is called much fun. I wanted my boy who is aboard this ship with me now to have a better time than I had had. So when he graduated from his medical school, I told him I would like to give him something as a sort of reward for the splendid work he had done in college.

"My son said nothing would please him more than a trip to Europe before he settled down as a

doctor and that, because I had worked so hard all my life and had seen so little of the world, he would like me to go along with him. So off we went. Well, we have spent the last three months in visiting the different countries of Europe and this trip has changed my mind on a good many questions.

"For instance, I have seen the young people dancing aboard this ship and aboard the one I came to Europe on; I have seen them dancing everywhere I went in the European cities and I can see no harm in it. At little tables in front of cafes I have seen people of all ages sitting quietly drinking wine with their meals; I have seen them drinking on the boulevards and in all sorts of public places and I saw less drunkenness in Europe during my whole stay than I would see in one day in my own city where Prohibition is in force. It has changed my mind altogether on many subjects."

At dinner on our last day at sea, I saw the old chap whisper to the waiter and after a while I saw the waiter return with a bucket of ice in which was a bottle of champagne. "This is our last day together, Judge," the old fellow said, "so my son and I decided we should celebrate with you." And so the three of us drank the bottle of champagne. The sun did not fall from the heavens and the ship kept on an even keel as she plowed onward toward America.

* * * *

Since this story of my life makes no pretense to any chronological order, I must mention, before I forget it, a baseball game I saw when I was in Louisiana The Yankees were there for their spring training and since New Orleans

had a good team, the two teams met for an exhibition game. The game was fairly close, one reason, of course, being that the New Orleans team comprised professional players and the other that the Yankees were only in training and did not go out to play too hard. Nevertheless, I had an opportunity to see some of the wonderful fielding which has always helped to keep the Yankees in the front rank of the pennant chasers.

A New Orleans batter was at the plate. The Yankee pitcher delivered and Crack! went the bat against the ball. Up and up it went as it sailed for the back fence. The Yankee fielder turned and ran at full speed for the fence. As he neared it, he turned, leaped into the air with outstretched gloved hand and stabbed that ball The crowd went wild but I venture to say that few of them were more excited than I was for it certainly was a wonderful exhibition of fielding by a man who evidently knew his business.

Miller Huggins, the great Yankee manager, umpired the game He was but a pint-size man but there was a lot of energy packed in that small body. I watched him with interest.

I also saw some racing on the Grand Circuit. The crowds and the excitement were something to see. They jumped on the seats and they yelled for their favorites The women were worse than the men. They bet on the horses and if one ran out of money she borrowed from her neighbour. From the standpoint of a stranger and a spectator it was most amusing and interesting.

The Building of Dalvay by the Sea

Our present generation of young people know little or nothing of how the now internationally-known summer resort at Dalvay on the North Shore of Prince Edward Island came into existence. The story, I think, is worth telling.

In the early 90's there was a millionaire in Cincinnati, Ohio, who with his wife had spent the greater part of the last few years in travelling through Europe. This gentleman, who was vice-president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, ran across a small booklet one day while he and his wife were visiting the Maritimes. The booklet had been written by a Mr. Hall, an American fish buyer, who was then operating a summer resort at Tracadie on the North Shore of Prince Edward Island. Mr. MacDonald and his wife were greatly interested in the account of Tracadie and the vicinity as given by Mr. Hall and spent some time at Mr. Hall's summer hotel looking about.

During their stay in the Province, they became acquainted with Mr George Longworth of Charlottetown and his family so that one day Mrs. MacDonald was given a drive along the North Shore by Mr. C. H B. Longworth. When they came to a small lake near the beach, Mrs. MacDonald turned to Mr MacDonald and said, "I should like to build a summer home at this place. Let's see if the owner will sell." They called upon the owner and an agreement was reached by which Mrs. MacDonald undertook to purchase the property immediately.

* * *

Upon her return to Cincinnati, Mrs. MacDonald had plans drawn

up for the construction of a stone house at Dalvay and sent the plans for approval to Mr. Longworth. But as there was no building stone on the Island and since there were no harbours within many miles of Dalvay where building stone could be landed, Mr. Longworth wrote Mrs. MacDonald and explained why building a stone house was out of the question. Accordingly, the plans were altered to make provision for wood as the building material. The lower storey, however, was to be of field stone.

The building was constructed, more land nearby was acquired, and in a few years the house was enlarged by the addition of a library and some additional rooms. Dalvay was splendidly furnished on a scale unknown to this Province. Objects of art were brought from the MacDonalds' palatial residence in Cincinnati. There was rare silver, cut glass, paintings, and antiques which the MacDonalds had collected during their European tours.

Every summer the MacDonalds came to Dalvay bringing with them guests from Cincinnati and New York. Mr. MacDonald had purchased beautiful horses and carriages, among the latter being a tally-ho which can still be seen at Dalvay.

There were many bedrooms. Mr. MacDonald occupied one large corner room to which a bath was attached. It was called the master's room. Dinner was always in the evening and afterwards Mr MacDonald would gather the family and the guests into the library, hold family prayers, then read a chapter of the Bible. He would then retire and the guests would play poker.

However, Mr. MacDonald knew what was going on and had pro-

vided for it. He made a ruling that any guest who had made money during the week at playing poker had to put it in the collection plate on Sunday in the little church which Mr. MacDonald attended and to which he brought his guests.

* * *

The Master of Dalvay had invested large sums of money in the construction of a railway in the South and had large investments in various other enterprises. To keep those investments secure he had pledged a large portion of his oil stocks with the banks. It is said that some of the other directors so manipulated the market that the price of the shares dropped to low levels and the banks liquidated the stocks thus causing serious losses to Mr. MacDonald. To make matters worse the southern railway went broke and Mr. MacDonald had more heavy losses to contend against. Nevertheless, his original fortune must have been very great since, despite those heavy losses, his wealth was considerable when he died in 1910 at Long Beach, California.

Meanwhile, his two granddaughters had grown up and married. One married Count Murat of France, a descendant of Napoleon's General Murat; and the other married Prince Rospigliosi, member of a noble family of Rome. When their grandfather died, those girls were not of age, and considerable sums were left in trust for them. When they became of age, they discovered that their money had disappeared and that they were practically penniless. However, they and their grandmother, Mr. MacDonald's widow, had continued to occupy Dalvay each summer until they found their fortune had van-

ished. They left the place in charge of the late Mr. MacDonald's valet who had married a French girl, Mrs. MacDonald's maid. The two farmer servants remained in charge of the place for some time but were not paid, and the mortgage had to be foreclosed. A brother of the late Bishop O'Leary purchased the place which was used as a summer residence for the Bishop until his death.

On the death of the Bishop, the brother, who had sold enough of the antiques, cut glass, silver, objects of art, etc. to pay for the place put it on the market and it was purchased by a Captain Dicks. Dicks spent considerable money in fitting up additional bedrooms in it and furnishing it for a summer hotel. He operated it for several years, but finally went bankrupt. It was then purchased by the Hon George DeBlois, one of the creditors. When the National Park was instituted in the Province, Dalvay was purchased by the Federal Government and became part of it.

The Princess Rospigliosi who is still living, has two daughters One of them married Alexander Schmidt of the Eastern Airlines and prominent in New York and Palm Beach society.

A few years ago I had the pleasure of spending a week-end with my good friend Frank McKenzie who then operated the West Outlook Camp at Moose Lake, Maine

Sunday morning I attended Mass at Rockwood across the lake.

I sat pretty well forward and in front of me in a pew was an old chap whose face seemed to be familiar but I knew that I did not know him.

In walking out of the church I caught up with him. I said to him in French:

"You are French?"

"Oui" (yes) he replied.

"You are from Prince Edward Island?"

"Oui".

"You are originally from Egmont Bay?"

"Oui," he again replied.

"You are a brother to Sylvest (Tom)?"

"Yes, and of Fidele Tom, too, but how do you know that?"

He was a brother of F. T. Arsenault of Arsenault & Gaudet, merchants, Wellington, and I recognized him from his close resemblance to his brother Sylvester of Egmont Bay, whom I had known well, but I had not known this old chap who had been living in Kine, Maine, for many years.

Mr. McKenzie operated West Outlook Camp chiefly as a fishing resort for trout and salmon. The meals served by Mr. McKenzie were something to be remembered Never have I eaten a better broiled steak than I did here.

* * *

During my incumbency on the Bench some notorious cases of illegal brewing were tried in the Town of Summerside. Without the knowledge of the Attorney General, the R. C. M. P. carried out a secret investigation in Prince County concerning the manufacture of moonshine. Half a dozen parties were indicted and tried. The evidence was overwhelming but strangely enough there was only one conviction out of the half dozen cases.

For unknown reasons the Department of Justice instead of placing the prosecution with the Attorney General of the Province chose to employ a leading New Brunswick lawyer to prosecute. The Attorney General reluctantly gave his per-

mission although he felt he had been ignored which, indeed, he had. The attorneys who carried on the defense made much use of this fact to the great advantage of their clients.

The evidence brought out the fact that one large firm had sold to one defendant over 3,000 barrels of molasses and 18,000 yeast cakes, the ingredients generally used in the manufacture of moonshine. Another firm manufactured part of a still and another firm supplied business.

Those firms should have been named in the indictment. Knowing the defendants, they must have realized that those purchases were being made for illegal purposes But pull played a large part in freeing them from complicity. The defense lawyers stressed this fact to the jury so that the jury disagreed in each case.

* * *

One day in 1935, the manager of the Charlottetown Hotel brought to my chamber Mr. "Bob" Davis, columnist for the New York Sun Mr. Davis was a widely-travelled man, having visited most of the countries of Europe and Asia as well as the different States of the United States and the Provinces of Canada.

Mr. Davis said that since coming to this Province he had been looking through the files of the old Prince Edward Island Magazine He said he had come across a short article telling about an incident that had befallen me while I was a law student in London. He wanted my permission to reproduce it in his column. Of course I had no objection to granting him the permission and later on it was reproduced, with some embellishments, in his column, "Bob Davis

Recalls." I may say Mr. Davis was so greatly impressed with the Island that he continued to spend his summer holidays here with his wife until his death a few years ago. His widow continues to spend her summers here.

Naturally I was flattered that such a noted columnist as Bob Davis should consider my humble story worthy of reproduction.

Indian Affairs

In the year 1939, on the occasion of the celebration of the 75th anniversary of the meeting of the Fathers of Confederation in Charlottetown, the Hon. Mr. Crerar, then Minister of Mines and Indian Affairs, was a visitor to this Province. I took occasion of his presence here to talk with him regarding our Indian situation.

I felt that the Indians of this Province had been neglected. They were the original inhabitants of the Province and were here in 1534 when Jacques Cartier discovered the Island. They then and for many years afterwards lived well There was any amount of small game and the streams teemed with fish. The white man came along and gradually the game became scarce and the rivers depleted of fish. They were deprived of the land and were never compensated for it as was done in the Western Provinces.

For many years materials for basket making and for axe handle manufacture were readily available, but with the cutting down of the forest and by private ownership of the lands, a time came when the Indians could no longer get these materials. They were scattered all over the Province. They still managed to get some ash and white maple and by the

sale of baskets and by begging made a precarious livelihood.

In many school districts the Indian children were barred from the schools. In many parishes the priest had often no knowledge of their presence and so their spiritual welfare was neglected. By their changed mode of living they became a prey to tuberculosis and many of them became victims of this scourge.

* * *

I had then in mind some system of concentration, the building of houses for them, the erection of a modern school with a resident teacher and a resident agent. Mr Crerar was impressed, but on his return to Ottawa he told me that after conferring with the officers of his Department, he did not think that my ideas could be carried out.

The next year I went to Ottawa and had a long interview with Doctor McGill, director of Indian Affairs. He seemed to favour the scheme and advised me to talk it over with Dr. Camsell, the Deputy Minister, and I accordingly spent an hour with him discussing the matter. Dr. Camsell told me that he had such a scheme in mind for Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island and that the proposition would receive his attention.

He accordingly commissioned one of his officers to make the inquiry, and Mr. Arneil from the Department spent some weeks in the Maritime Provinces on this mission. His report favoured the project.

Later on I went to Ottawa and had a conference with Dr. Camsell, Dr. McGill, Dr. Moore, Mr. Pratt, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Arneil and some other officials of the Department. This conference lasted two and one-half hours and we arrived at a satisfactory conclusion.

At this and subsequent interviews it was decided to concentrate the Indians at Lennox Island. The chief reason for this was that the Indians considered the island as their home. It had been granted them by one of the original proprietors. Wherever they went they always wandered back to this island and especially on St. Anne's Day, the day of their patron saint, they religiously attended in large numbers. Their church, their school, and their hall (the Lady Wood Hall) were there. It was an island and segregated, and in that way the agent could have more control over them.

After the war the Department started building operations. A two-department school was built, including departments for manual training for boys and home handicrafts for girls. Over twenty residences for Indians were constructed. The residence for the male teacher was repaired and provided with heat, water and sewerage and electric light.

A social service nurse makes daily visits to the Indian homes and gives them medical care. Their spiritual needs are attended to by a resident pastor and by the Sisters of St. Martha, who also teach them singing and music besides sewing, mending and other handicraft. The boys have a baseball and hockey team and compete with their white brothers. They prepare and give concerts and plays, listen to the radio, and motion pictures are regularly shown. The Department is building a new scow for the transport of heavy materials to the island. A tractor and truck will also be provided.

* * *

The Indians are happy and contented, and instead of going around

begging, work of different kinds has been provided for them, and with other assistance given by the Department they now live a fairly independent existence.

* * *

In connection with the Indians of Prince Edward Island, I should like to give a brief history of the Lady Wood Fund for the use of the Indians, of which I have been one of the trustees for the past twenty years.

* * *

During his incumbency as Governor of Prince Edward Island, Governor Fanning acquired large tracts of land in this Province. Among them were lands left in trust for the founding of a school at Malpeque which was named the Fanning School. The other lands were by his will divided between his daughters, one of whom married a Colonel Wood in England

Dame Louisa Augusta Wood as a young girl resided here with her father and evidently became interested in the Micmac Indians of the Island. By her last will and testament bearing date the 5th day of May 1870 she gave and devised to trustees 2573 acres of land on Lot or Township number sixty-seven in Queens County to be sold and the proceeds held in trust, one half for the education of the deaf and blind and one half for the benefit of Indians of Prince Edward Island.

For some unknown reason this will was lost sight of for many years. About the year 1910 the late Gilbert Gaudet of the firm of Haszard and Gaudet, while ferreting among old papers in the attic of the Court House, came across this document. His attention was drawn to it from the fact that it was of parchment and consisted of

many papers. After studying the document, he realized that a trust had been created and which had never been administered.

He looked up the lands mentioned in the will, in the land office, and found that the Government had sold them to a large number of individuals and that Government deeds had been issued to them.

* * *

By the Act of the Provincial Legislature, 3 Geo. V., Cap 21 intituled "An Act to confirm the Titles to certain purchasers of Land on Township Number sixty-seven from the Commissioner of Public Lands, the above facts were set out with a recital that "Whereas doubts have arisen regarding the title of the Commissioner of Public Lands to the said lands so sold and conveyed by him to tenants and other persons on said Township No. 67, and it is desirable to remove all such doubts and to confirm and make valid the deeds executed by the said Commissioner of Public Lands" The Act then went on to confirm the deeds so issued with the following proviso: "Provided always nevertheless that nothing herein contained shall prejudice or affect any claim which the trustees of the will of the said Dame Louisa Augusta Wood or those now representing the trustees of the will or the survivor of them or any other person or persons may have against His Majesty the King in his Government of Prince Edward Island in respect of the lands so sold and conveyed by the said Commissioner of Public Lands as aforesaid."

Subsequently, proceedings were instituted in the Court of Chancery and the said trusts were declared good and valid.

In pursuance to this judgment, the Legislature enacted 5 Geo V cap. 12 being "An Act to provide compensation to the trustees of the estate of Dame Louisa Augusta Wood for certain lands on Township No. 67 sold by the Commissioner of Public Lands."

The preamble recited the pertinent facts and by agreement with the trustees, the Act authorized the payment of the sum of eight thousand five hundred dollars to the trustees as the share of the fund to be allotted for the benefit of the Indians. As the Government was charged with the education of the deaf and blind, the share allotted for this purpose was retained by the Government. Trustees were appointed from time to time to administer the funds for the benefit of the Indians.

On the death of the then trustees, Mr. Arthur A. Alley and Mr. Gilbert Gaudet and myself were in the year 1931 appointed trustees. Mr. Gaudet and Mr. Alley having died, Mr. Sylvere DesRoches was appointed co-trustee. Mr. DesRoches enlisted in the Armed Forces, resigned, and Mr. H. F MacPhee, K. C., was appointed in his place.

In my law student days, it seems to me that the young people had more fun than at present. It is true that there were no motor cars in those days, so that our ambit of enjoyment was more limited. The beaches were not patronized as they are today. And yet we enjoyed life. We formed parties and went out rowing on the harbour and sang the old songs and the current ones. On a holiday we chartered a boat and went on an excursion up the East or West River and held a picnic.

We had our weekly card parties with supper and dance afterwards These parties started at eight or half past eight and were over by twelve o'clock.

There were balls at Government House and at private houses. At these balls there was always a dance programme and one's ambition was to secure as many dances as possible, and from as many girls as possible. It was not the boy and girl affair of the present day.

* * *

In the year I spent at St. Joseph's College, New Brunswick, there was a sainty old priest who taught two of the philosophers. Everybody called him the "Domine" behind his bis back. These two philosophers accupied a double room and were in awe of the Domine. There was also an ecclesiastic who was more or less of a wag, an artist who was fond of making decorations. One day he made a very large scroll and during the philosophers' absence from their room he set it up right across the wall. The scroll read "Initium Sapientiae Timor Domini". (The beginning of wisdom is the fear of the

Lord—the Domine). Now the Domine taught the philosophers in their room. They came back a few minutes before the Domine was due for a lesson and did not have time to remove the scroll. The Domine came in and unconscious of the reference, read aloud the inscription and said "Bene, bene,—very good, very good."

* * *

I had a friend in Montreal, a prominent K.C., now dead, who as a side line operated a small distillery. He once wrote me,—"I am thinking of taking a trip to Prince Edward Island and bringing you a few samples from my distillery. But I understand that you have prohibition down there and that my samples may be seized and I imprisoned. What do you think?" I replied—"Dear John—Come along and bring your samples. I can guarantee that you will not be placed in jail, but if you are I will give you a Habeas Corpus."

* * *

In Mr. H. P. Duchemin's lifetime I was privileged on several occasions to be his guest at his summer residence at Fortune, near Souris. He owned the cottage originally built by Charles Coughlin and with additions and other alterations had made it a thing of beauty.

Mr. Duchemin at Fortune was surrounded by his family, by his sister and friends. He reminded me of the Patriarchs of old, for all activities seemed to revolve around him; he was loved and he was revered.

The late Charles Coughlin was one of America's leading actors. He had a sister and a daughter no less distinguished. Through some connection which I do not know, he established a summer residence at

Fortune and, through him, several other American actors did likewise, so that Fortune became known as the "Actors' Colony."

Coughlin became so fond of Fortune that he expressed the wish that when he died he should be buried there. Ripley ("Believe It Or Not") tells of his wish but says that dying in Galveston, Texas, he was buried in the cemetery there. Then came what is known as the Galveston Flood. The cemetery was partly washed away and—according to Ripley—among the coffins that floated into the Gulf of Mexico was that of Charles Coughlin. The coffin struck the Gulf Stream, was carried along the Atlantic Coast and eventually landed at Fortune, Prince Edward Island, where it was buried and a monument erected there to his memory.

Notwithstanding Ripley's "Believe It Or Not," this story is in part pure fiction. It is true that Coughlin was buried in Galveston cemetery, and that at the time of the flood his body was washed into the Gulf of Mexico; but there the story ends. The man buried at Fortune is Flocton, another American actor, and the monument at Abel's Point was erected by Mrs. Leslie Carter and David Balescoe, two celebrated American actors, and is in the form of a sun dial.

* * *

On the occasion of the visit of the King and Queen to this Province, a luncheon was given them by the Lieutenant Governor, the Hon. George D. DeBlois. At table, the King sat to the right and the Queen to the left of the Governor who in his official position presided at the function.

From my place at the table I had a full view of the King and Queen so that I witnessed the human in-

cident I am about to relate.

In front of the Queen was a basket of fruit. The basket had originated with the chef of the Charlottetown Hotel and was made of different colored candy ribbons. It looked so natural that I saw the Queen point to it and evidently ask the Governor if it was made of ribbon. On the Governor's informing her that it was candy, she rubbed her finger on one of the ribbons, then lifted the finger to her tongue. It was candy!

* * *

Reporters were here from all over Canada for the event. Two of them, however, missed connection and spent the day in Borden instead of Charlottetown. In a burst of imagination they wired their paper in Toronto a most fantastic report. They said that the City was crowded with farmers who had come with their horses and buggies, that the harbour was filled with fishermen's boats, that the fishermen were present in their long rubber boots and oilskins with other imaginary incidents.

I sent the newspaper editor a wire of protest and in reply received a long telegram of apology. In it the editor informed me that the reporters for the paper were on their return from accompanying the Royal party to Newfoundland, that he had wired them and that they would call at Charlottetown on their return. One of them was the photographer of the Dionne quintuplets. I met them on arrival and spent three days motoring them through the different parts of the Island. The result was a series of articles on Prince Edward Island illustrated by snapshots taken on the spot. The upshot was that Prince Edward Island received much publicity through a Toronto

newspaper whose reporters had missed the King's reception in Charlottetown.

* * *

My acquaintance with Government House really relates back to my college days when Douglas McDonald, Governor A. A. McDonald's son, was in college with me. It is of the Colonial style of architecture, was built in 1834, and with slight alterations is practically the same as it was in Colonial days

Many Governors have passed through Government House since A. A. McDonald's occupancy, and without making any invidious distinction I can truly say that none have filled the office more acceptably and with greater distinction that the Honourable George DesBrisay DeBlois. He was the only Governor in Prince Edward Island to entertain a King and Queen. At his own expense he embellished the Government House grounds with a flower garden and by the planting of ornamental trees and bushes He was lavish in his entertainment and yearly spent many times his salary in extending the hospitality of Government House to visitors and to the people of the Province

* * *

I have never regretted the time spent in England as a law student. It is true that it involved me in an expense which I could ill afford. in a debt which it took me some years to liquidate, and yet it was worth while.

Both as a barrister and as a judge the experience which I acquired in the law office of the Honourable Mr. Russell and in attending Court was of great value to me. As a lawyer, I learned how solicitors in England prepared their cases for counsel; how the case was fully set out, how the exhibits

were numbered in the order in which they were to be used, indexed and cross-indexed; how the examination in chief was to be carried out even to the questions to be asked by counsel, and the expected answers in reply.

I had the privilege of attending Court at the hearing of cases before eminent judges with leading counsel on either side. I came to know the great judges of England, and the best counsel, some of whom afterwards became great judges in their turn. As a judge I had the opportunity, in the preparation of my judgments, of reading the judgments of these jurists and they were all the more interesting to me from the fact that I had attended their courts and seen them in action. It was an experience the value of which I only fully realized in after years.

It was more It widened my horizon, broadened my views, and matured my opinion.

The visit to Africa was also of value to me I saw a part of the world that not many young men have the opportunity of visiting. There I saw the natives in their habitat, the Zulus, the Basutos and Matabele. I saw the Boers, the Griguas and Hottentots, besides the British inhabitants, and learned of their habits and customs.

I have since seen a little of this great world. I have revisited England and seen most of France I have come to know our neighbours to the South, and have contacted a great many of our Canadian citizens among whom I count many friends.

And now in the sunset of my life I thank God that He has given me so many years and that He has showered on me the many blessings which I hardly deserved.

To the readers of The Guardian who may have thought it worth while to read my rambling memoirs, I extend my sincere thanks and best wishes.

(The End)

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